JOHN BULL, JANUARY 13, 1934

TWOPENCE
Vol. LV.
1439.

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL IN SING SING SEE PAGES 20 AND 21

JOHN BULL

Take BOVRIL
OR TAKE
the consequences

Take BOVRIL
AND ENJOY
the consequences

JOHN BULL'S NEW YEAR GIFT TO YOU!

YOUR LAST CHANCE

4 MORE DAYS!

ONLY four more days in which to accept "John Bull's" Great Presentation Offer! Applications for these ALL-BRITISH Writing Sets should be posted not later than January 15th. Cash your Gift Voucher at once. Hurry! there is no time to lose.

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John Bull VALUE **2/6**

New Year Gift Voucher

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. *Available only until January 15, 1934.*

5/- for 2/6

FREE 2/6 GIFT VOUCHER

A Free 2/6 Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" Famous 5/- Writing Set. The handsome chasing of the Pen, superb finish, latest self-filling device and 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, all indicate the outstanding quality of this Set. **Two-year written guarantee with each pen.** The "Everpointed" Pencil, fitted with propel-repel-expel movement, matches the pen to perfection.

FREE 5/- GIFT VOUCHER

A Free 5/- Gift Voucher will be accepted as 5/- cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 10/- Writing Set De Luxe. Admire the graceful streamline of the Pen, the inlaid rolled-gold band, the lever self-filling device also of rolled gold. The Pen, which is unbreakable, has a heavy 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. The "Everpointed" Pencil to match, fitted with propel-repel-expel movement, has the same beautiful streamline and is complete with pocket clip and extra leads; this set is enclosed in a sumptuous butterfly-tinted Presentation Case. **Written Five-Year Guarantee accompanies each set.**

John Bull VALUE **5/-**

New Year Gift Voucher

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 5/- in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Writing Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. *Available only until January 15, 1934.*

10/- for 5/-

CASH YOUR GIFT VOUCHER TO-DAY!

John Bull's New Year Gift Coupon.

To "JOHN BULL," Pen Dept. (J.9), 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/6, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 2/9 in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 5/- which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

CROSS OUT GIFT NOT REQUIRED.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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Fine—medium—broad nib (cross out grades not required). Cross Cheques/P.O. / & Co. / and make payable to "John Bull." 13.1.34.

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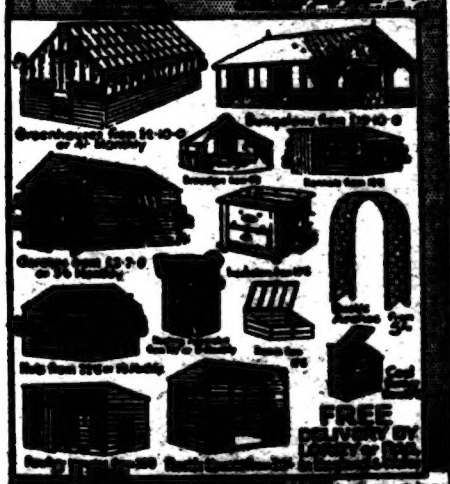

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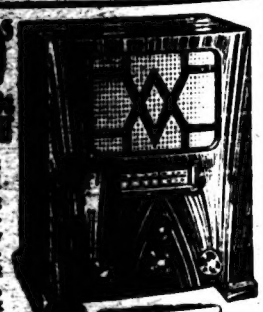

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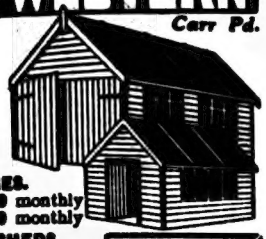

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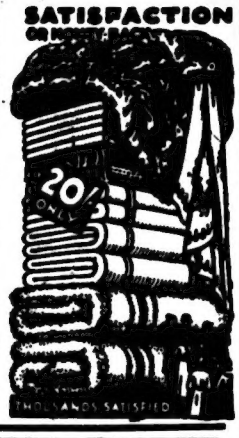

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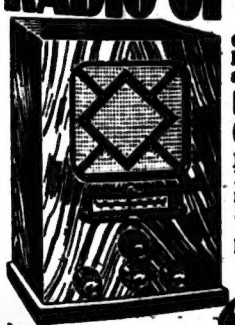

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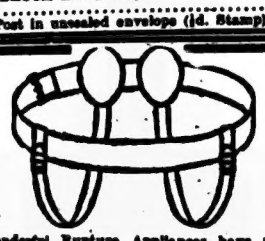

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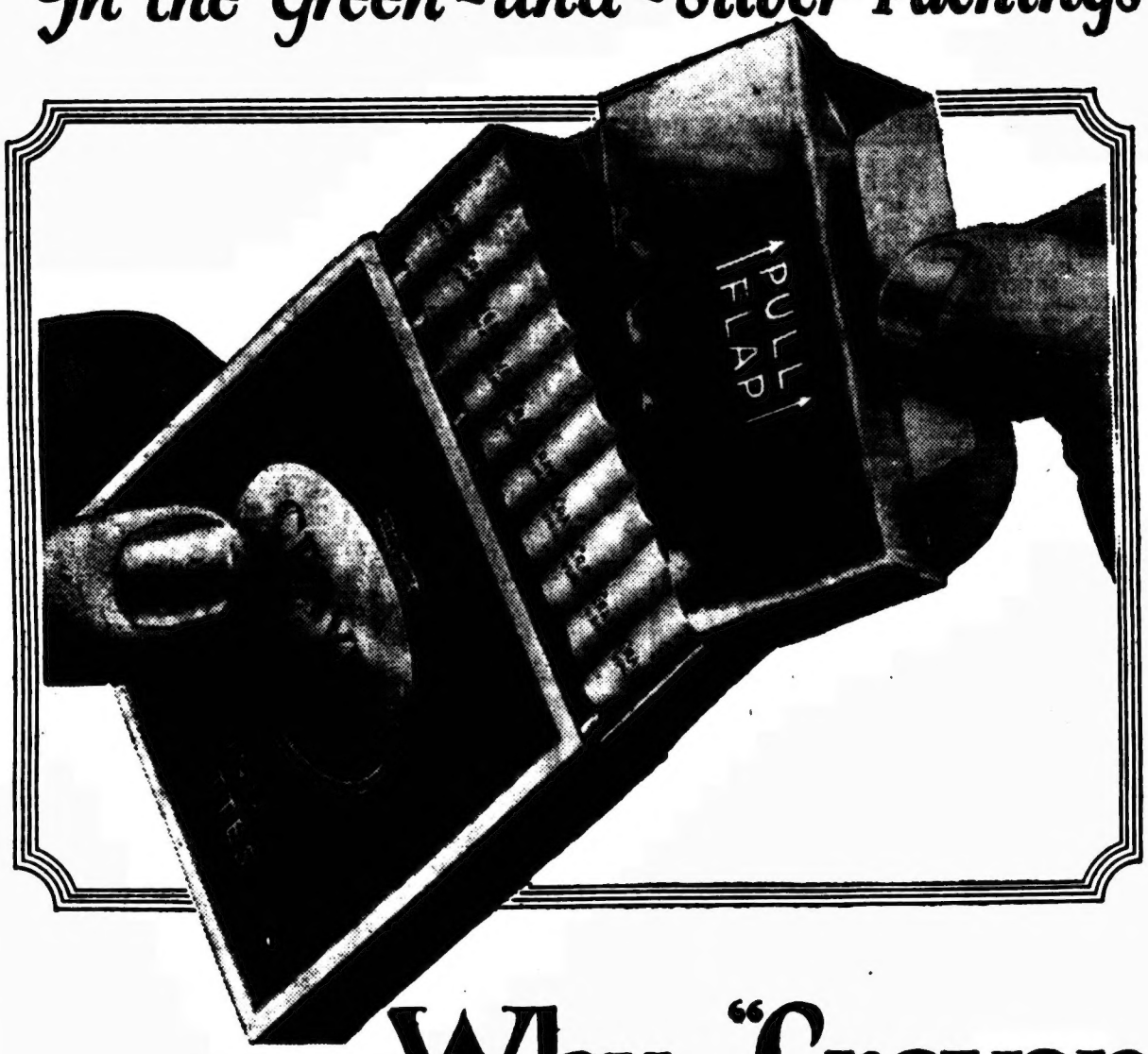

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CP.18

JOHN BULL

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

The Bravest LAD in BRITAIN

A FEW days ago the customary New Year's Honours List burst on a world that has, in truth, grown rather cynical. There were all the names—some whose honours were well deserved, and some whose claim to them was bewitchingly obscure. And that's putting it very mildly.

Still, it was ever so, and ever will be. Official honours do not go forth, like this weekly article, without fear or favour. Nor are the persons honoured always those whose deeds merit national recognition.

John Bull has no knighthoods or baronetcies to give away, but we have ever had a passion for calling attention to the gallant and the good in the humbler walks of life. It is among the great toiling mass of the people that we seek our names worthy of renown.

And you can believe it or not, but their qualifications to honour would make a good many of those in the average Honours List look pretty thin.

For instance, there is David Woosnam, aged twenty-three, of High Street, Ogmore Vale, Glamorgan, whom we hail as the bravest young man in Britain.

Read his story, and we think you will agree.

The disaster

TWELVE months ago last June David's married sister, Doris, while bathing her baby in front of the fire, caught alight. Her terrified screams brought the neighbours hurrying to her aid. A doctor was summoned, and she was rushed to the Cardiff Royal Infirmary, so badly burned that her kidneys were exposed.

Days passed. Skilful doctors fought to save her. But the damage was great; her back was one great raw piece of burnt flesh.

Three days later Dr. Martin, the brilliant surgeon attached to the hospital, decided to make a bold bid to save the twenty-eight-year-old mother's life. Skin-grafting was her only chance.

But having come to this decision, the doctors were faced with the problem: Who would be the giver of the skin?

As is well known, there are thousands of brave people only too ready to offer a blood-transfusion. But to offer their skin? These are indeed rare. So rare, in fact, that there are in the country to-day professional skin-givers. The pain is great. So, too, is their fee.

But the doctors were soon relieved of their difficulty. As soon as David heard that a volunteer was wanted on his sister's behalf, he claimed the privilege.

He was plainly warned of the dangers. "She would do it for me," was his only comment.

The lad's skin was tested, and was found suitable for the grafting. But before the operation the doctors again explained that he was undertaking a very grave risk, and that the responsibility was entirely his.

David smiled at their serious faces. "She would do it for me," he repeated.

He returned home from the hospital. Friends tried to persuade him to "think again." They had heard so much. But the boy was not to be deterred. Firmly fixed in his mind was the picture of his only sister lying in agony in Cardiff Royal Infirmary, and he knew his sacrifice would not only hasten her cure, but was *the* only cure.

Fate had frowned severely upon David since he left the elementary school. Work at the colliery had become slack. He got a job at the Morris-Cowley works near Oxford. He was there for three years. Then trade depression compelled him to return to Ogmore Vale. Since then he has been unemployed.

But despite his hardships he was still a fine healthy lad.

His coming ordeal meant a trip to Cardiff. David could not spare the money. Fortunately, his father had an old bicycle, and one bright morning the brave young fellow set out to pedal the whole twenty-eight miles, carrying a few sandwiches in his overcoat pocket.

An hour after his arrival at the hospital he was clothed in white, strapped down to an operating table. Body, arms and legs were pinioned. By his side, lying face downward, was his only sister, Doris.

The moment of sacrifice had come.

Epic of courage

THE details of the amazing operation must be left to the imagination of the reader. It is sufficient to say that Dr. Martin, the operating surgeon, cut pieces of skin from the lad's thighs, four and five inches in diameter, and grafted them on to the back of the stricken sister, whilst David, lying on his back, craned his neck and watched him, biting his lips until they bled, to prevent himself from screaming.

The courage of the young unemployed miner astounded the medical students grouped round

David Woosnam, the young man who heads "John Bull's" New Year's Honours List

watching the operation, which lasted approximately seventy minutes.

Then David's wounds were dressed. Quietly he slipped out of the hospital. No one knew how he had arrived. He returned with limping tread to his old bicycle, mounted, and pedalled home again, the twenty-eight miles. An epic journey!

But s heart was light. He had visions of a recovering sister. Time would pass, the grafting would succeed, and she would return.

Waiting for the call

THE months went by. His thighs healed. Once again the call to sacrifice came, and David readily answered. He jumped on his old bicycle, and once more pedalled the twenty-eight miles to Cardiff city.

He arrived, they operated, he returned—on his bicycle. And only his close relations knew!

Since then he has been down to the operating theatre five times. Each operation lasts approximately one hour and a quarter.

And each time his heart may stop!

But his sister is getting better. The doctors believe that within a few months she will leave the Infirmary. Another grafting is possible. Two or three, maybe. It matters not how many. David, the younger brother, the stoic, is willing and sits waiting for the call in his modest home at Ogmore Vale.

Now, having read the story of David Woosnam, do you wonder why we put him at the top of John Bull's New Year's Honours List?

A Story to Make the Angels Weep

Grave Inquests Scandal

Beer and a Bishop

Let us hope the tragedy of Mr. S. A. Baker will awaken the sleepy committee

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

WE hope the whole nation has been moved, not only to sympathy, but to indignation, by the story of Mr. S. A. Baker, of Ilford. It is, indeed, a story to make the very angels weep.

Mr. Baker was in Brixton Prison when news came that his two little children were dying. They were dead before their heartbroken father could reach them

We regret to say that he had been imprisoned for a very grave offence—for being hard up.

He was so hard up that he couldn't pay his rates, which amounted to the prodigious sum of £3. So, like any highway robber or car bandit, he was thrown into jail.

Tortures of hell

That will not surprise our readers. We have so often told how great numbers of unfortunate citizens are jailed for the same reason every year.

But we have never told the story of any debtor so unfortunate as Mr. Baker, who because he owed a miserable £3 must have gone through the tortures of hell.

Generous gift

We hasten to pay tribute to the Governor of Brixton Prison, who kindly paid Mr. Baker's debt and set him free. It was not his fault that Mr. Baker wasn't in time to see his children before they died

Nor was it his fault in the first place that Mr. Baker was taken away to jail while they lay critically ill.

We must blame higher authorities for that—the panjandrums who still maintain this monstrous system of imprisonment for debt.

Costly and inhuman

We are tired of attacking the inhumanity of jailing some 20,000 people every year just because they are poor.

We hold no brief for the dishonest debtor. But the great majority of those 20,000 people can't help being in debt—and their creditors are no better off after they have served their term.

The country is worse off by about £60,000 a year, which is the cost of keeping them in jail.

How much longer?

We are glad to see that our long campaign against this nonsense and injustice is now being supported by daily newspapers. We can do with all the support we can get.

But we are wondering how much longer we must continue that campaign before the authorities awaken to the need for action.

Still dreaming

You might think that they have already awakened, since there is a Government committee considering the matter.

But that committee has been sitting for months and will doubtless continue to sit for more months, probably because its members are not sitting in a debtors' prison.

We say they have been sitting and sleeping for far too long.

We demand immediate action to prevent any more tragedies like that of Mr. Baker—tragedies that shock the best feelings of the nation We want an immediate end to the imprisonment of decent citizens.

Justice opens her eyes

Fortunately, another scandal that was first exposed in JOHN BULL has been speedily remedied.

We told, in our issue of December 30, how five very young children had been sentenced at Wisbech to long terms of confinement in a reformatory for petty thefts. One, a boy of seven, was to be sent away for nine years!

As you will have read in the newspapers, those abominable sentences have been quashed.

Serious charges

We commented scathingly on the way in which the provisions of the new Children's Act had been dodged by the local magistrates. We were pleased to see that Mr. Linton Thorpe, K.C., was equally scathing when the case was retried in a higher court.

We suggest that the Lord Chancellor should consider, very seriously, administering a more official rebuke.

Torn from home

For a further case of young children being torn from home we must go to Newcastle.

There an unemployed miner was charged with neglecting his two boys, twins aged ten. His wife died four years ago; after paying rent he had only 11s. a week to keep the three of them.

He most strongly denied the charge of neglect, but the sobbing youngsters were ordered to be taken from him and sent to a school.

The remedy

Now, we don't suggest he could properly keep himself and his children on 11s. a week. Nor would he, we imagine.

But there are thousands of fathers in the same unhappy predicament. Are they all to have their children separated from them?

We should not need to ask that question if our economy-mongers dealt more fairly with the unemployed.

Minister of Ill-Health

The latest edict of those economy-mongers leaves us gasping.

The Ministry of Health has the audacity to suggest that a grown person can live healthily on food costing 4s. 4d. a week, though a committee of eminent doctors put the figure at 5s. 10½d.

We wish Sir Hilton Young would try living on such a diet. Unless he is careful, he may become known as the Minister of Ill-Health.

Unwanted

We fear there is nothing very unusual in the tragedy of Henry Reed, but that only makes it more tragic.

He was caretaker to a South Shields church and aged sixty-six. He was told, it is said, that a younger man was wanted for his job; he was given a month in which to leave the caretaker's house.

Two days later he killed himself. Verdict: Suicide while of Unsound Mind. The old, old story of the elderly being unwanted. It will be softened only when all workers are assured of an adequate pension on retirement.

For ladies only

As a contrast, there is the bright idea of four girl friends in Dudley: they have started an Anti-Gossip Club.

It has only one rule—its members must never be caught chattering about one of their own sex. The penalty is a threepenny fine, to be doubled every time the offence is repeated.

We sincerely hope they will never suffer from financial worries.

The grabbers

We express no such wish for certain officials in Derbyshire.

A Chesterfield man was removed to an asylum three years ago. Somehow or other his wife managed to keep up payment on his assurance policy from her small wage of 8s. a week.

It yielded her a bonus of £34 the other day, but the public assistance committee wanted it to be handed over to them!

We have the greatest possible satisfaction in reporting that the local Bench has turned down this impudent demand.

Bad-food menace

We are also pleased that some magistrates are heeding our repeated demands for heavy penalties against the bad-food fiends.

A Birmingham grocer has had to pay £100 for exposing for sale foods that were decomposed, filthy, or otherwise fit for the dustbin. Let us hope other Benches will take the hint.

Daft law

And we're glad the Chester magistrates decided that an out-of-work man's shilling constituted "visible means of subsistence" when considering whether he was a rogue and vagabond.

But it's unpleasant to realise that, in the eyes of the law, he would have been a rogue had he reduced that shilling to ninepence by buying himself a cup of tea and a hunk of bread.

Could anything be dafter than that?

Where's the fun?

Nearly as daft is the business of the girl, whose name we won't mention because she would probably like us to—the girl who has just finished a fast of forty-seven days and nights at a Clapham "fun fair."

We agree with a local alderman that it was a disgusting affair. It is disgusting, too, that local authorities have no power to stop such exhibitions.

The one name we will mention is that of the organiser—a Mr. Bell. If he himself fasted for forty-seven days and nights he might overcome his liking for that sort of "fun."

Pomp and circumstances

But we had to smile at the refusal of the Retford town council to pay their mayor a salary of £250 a year. It feared an allowance might lower the dignity of the office!

Of course, no one imagines that the Lord Mayor of London debases the dignity of his office by drawing £10,000 a year.

And who can believe that the civic pomp of Retford is far, far above that of London and a few hundred other places?

A bishop looks ahead

There's precious little pomp about the Bishop of Malmesbury, for he thinks it ought to be possible for parsons to meet their parishioners in public-houses.

And while staunchly defending the innkeeper, he looks forward to the time when the "pub" will be a better place of social intercourse, where sweethearts might meet without criticism, where the sale of drink "would be a minor part of its real service to the community."

That's a common-sense ideal we should all welcome.

Tripe merchants

And despite the temperance fanatics, we shall continue to assert that quacks and charlatans are a good deal more dangerous than the millions of people who enjoy a glass of beer.

But we were not very pleased to see a London fortune-teller fined £50 the other day. Since he could afford to spend hundreds of pounds a month in advertising, he must have made enough money from duping the public to be able to laugh at a fine.

Prison is the only place for charlatans.

Lessons in English

The way to deal with another type of rogue was taught by Capt. Gabrielson, a Norwegian skipper.

There was a row at Rotherhithe, and a man assaulted a policeman. The captain strode up, faced the hostile crowd, told it that the policeman was doing his duty, and then "stood by" in case of further trouble.

That's the stuff. But it shouldn't be left to Norwegians to teach Englishmen the way to behave.

Simple reason

Fortunately, we need learn nothing from the Germans. Hitler's latest craziness is to prevent the heavy-weight boxer, Schmeling, from fighting King Levinsky because the latter is a Jew.

You see, there are still rules in boxing—and therefore the Jew might have a fair chance.

Bad for cut-throats

While on the subject of fairplay, let us say how glad we are to hear that cut-price tobacconists are at last being driven out of business.

Long ago we protested against their unfair methods and the way in which some of them encouraged big warehouse robberies.

We all want cheap goods, but not through a cut-throat system.

Ignorant

We wish we could see an end to another stupid system we have often attacked.

Discontent is growing, especially in South Wales, against the practice of appointing people who know nothing about mining conditions to serve as jurymen when fatal pit accidents are investigated.

As the verdicts returned affect the compensation paid to the relatives of the killed, this is a matter that concerns the welfare of thousands.

We welcome the outspoken protest of the Ogmore and Garw Council; we hope that every other council in mining areas will follow this lead.

Then the authorities might be induced to remedy the scandal.

Keeping it quiet

In South Wales, too, an equally grave scandal demands attention.

On Boxing Day a constable was found shot dead in the police station at Pentre. The tragedy has been hushed up; we do not know if it was a case of murder, suicide, or accidental death.

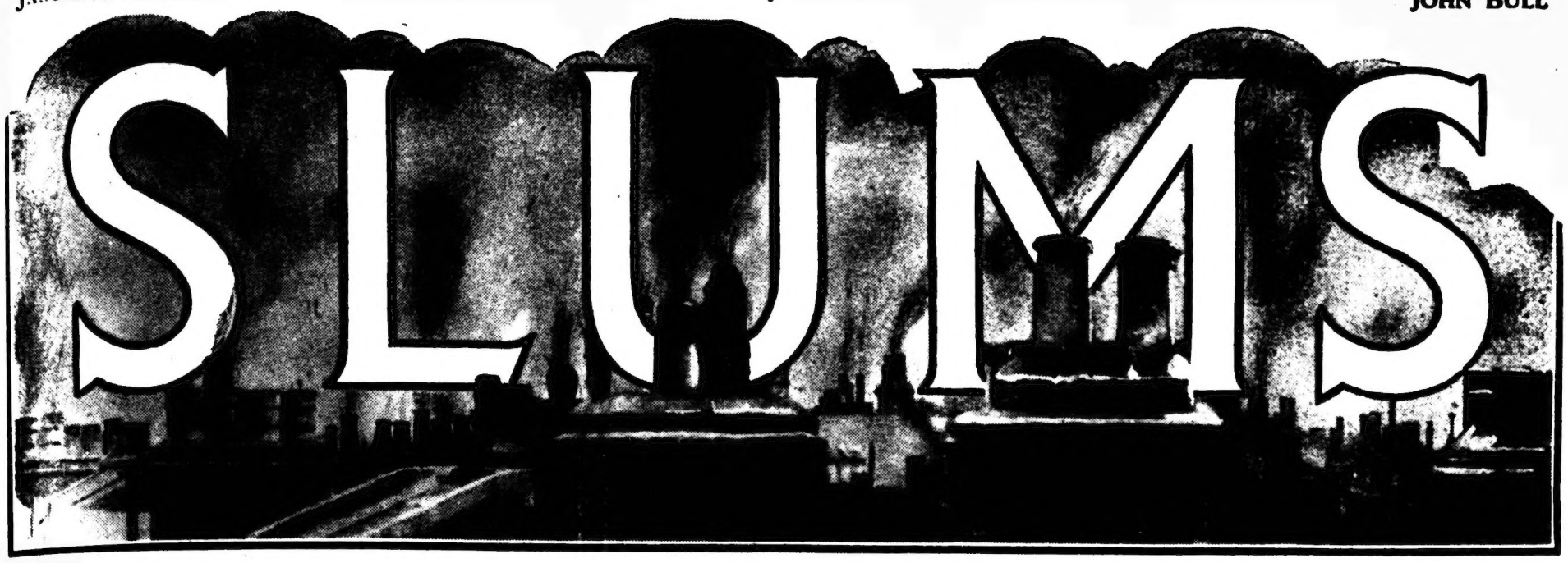
The police refuse information; the coroner has met newspaper criticism with the retort, "You can go on protesting for ever."

Why this impudent secrecy?

Warped humour

As for the astonishing affair at Wimbledon, where child delinquents are said to have been terrified by police threats of "hanging" and "shooting," we are glad it is being considered by both the local Bench and Lord Trenchard.

We have a good deal of respect for the police as a whole, but some appear to be as stupid as popular novelists make out.



—A NEW Brain-Wave

by David Arlott

(Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, London County Council Member for Southwark)

WHEN is a slum not a slum? The official answer to that question is, "About four times out of five," for the Government has not yet discovered that a slum, like a rose, retains the same odour, whatever name you call it.

Houses do not become slums in the official sense until they are *structurally* unfit to live in. Their walls may be alive with vermin; they may have only one water-tap and one lavatory; and they may house a family in each room. But *still* they are not slums.

They are merely "overcrowded areas." Roughly speaking, there are four people living in such areas for every one who lives in a technical slum.

And the overcrowded area of to-day is infallibly the slum of to-morrow.

Early in this New Year I see that Sir Hilton Young will present a Bill to Parliament based on the recommendations of Lord Moyne's Departmental Committee. He will ask for powers to compel owners of this overcrowded property to recondition their houses.

He might as well try to bail out a sinking boat with a colander. The L.C.C. and other housing authorities have powers of this kind already. They are not afraid to use them—they can't use them.

Aggravating the evil

WHY? Because, when an overcrowded area is being reconditioned, there is no means of housing the displaced tenants. Because, also, landlords having made their houses "fit for human habitation" once more, are allowed to increase the rent, and that makes overcrowding worse than ever.

No; the only possible solution of the housing problem lies in national action nationally financed.

The Bishop of London has said in the House of Lords that we need a million new dwellings to let at seven to ten shillings a week each. That is a minimum, and the Upper House apparently takes my own view that we shall never get these houses either by private enterprise or through the local councils and paltry Government assistance.

But they can be built without any loss to the nation if we are prepared to approach the whole problem in a business-like way.

To begin with, we must realise that slums and overcrowding are not different problems, but the *same* problem. And reform should begin at the top.

I do not mean for a moment that we should neglect the "official" slums. I mean that, by supplying homes at rents which tens of thousands of families now living in single rooms can afford to pay, the slums would gradually empty themselves.

It is not fair to say that the Government is making *no* effort in this direction, but its plans to encourage private enterprise are unbusinesslike and doomed to failure.

I am a member of the biggest County Council in the country, but the L.C.C., in its own area, has to deal with thirty Metropolitan boroughs. In Greater London there are eighty-three other statutory housing authorities, making a total of 113 councils which have to be consulted.

Here are enough cooks to spoil any broth, let alone the Ministry of Health's thin brew. A similar situation exists in all the other county areas, and it is surely obvious, therefore, that we must set up a National Housing Board entirely independent of the local authorities.

Just as the London Passenger Transport Board controls the entire traffic of the Metropolis, so the Housing Board would control the entire building programme for each county and for the nation itself.

Next we should have to raise the money. Many public men have already suggested a National Housing Loan, and I agree that this is essential.

But—and this is a vital point which has been missed—*the loan must never be repaid.*

It must be in the form of an irredeemable Government stock, like Consols, and, as a strictly business proposition, I maintain that it could carry from 3½ to 4 per cent. interest.

To build the needed minimum of a million new dwellings—houses or flats—we should want about £400,000,000. The money could never be raised more easily than now, when countless investors are eager for any safe and reasonable return on their capital.

How to get the money

THE Government has been ready enough to grant loans abroad. It need not be afraid of this Housing Loan for our own people. At the worst, it would only have to find the interest—from fourteen to sixteen millions a year—and even that would be offset by the cost of existing housing subsidies.

But I maintain that this permanent loan would cost *nothing*. On the contrary, it would save money, because the new houses would earn the small interest, and, furthermore, the building of them would find work for a quarter of a million men.

Let me make this clearer. Under the 1930 Housing Act, it is already possible for private enterprise to obtain an advance of 90 per cent. for approved building schemes. Government, local council and building society have, first of all, to agree upon a valuation. It is a tedious, difficult business, but still, it can be done.

And no doubt the private investor would come forward in large numbers if he had any chance of getting a reasonable return on his money. But he has none.

First of all the council insists that he must let his new houses at rents which the Council considers are within the means of the low-wage earners.

That is perfectly sound in itself. But then comes the snag. The 90 per cent. advance has to be paid off in thirty years. That means that the rent must include a sinking fund, and if it does that, the investor will soon discover that repayments to the building society plus out-of-pocket expenses come to more than the rents he may charge.

Nobody but a philanthropist or a "mug" is likely even to consider such a proposition. And in this connection I should like to warn JOHN BULL readers that there is no question whatever of the Government's guaranteeing the *rents*. All the Government does is to guarantee the building societies a very small percentage of their loan.

But it has come to my knowledge that certain unscrupulous promoters are trying to induce people to invest money in new houses, to be "thrown up dirt cheap," and then let at "Government guaranteed rentals." Beware of any such proposition. There are no such rentals.

Too much patience

ON the contrary, I repeat that private enterprise is ruled out under existing conditions.

But under my housing loan plan, *where the capital need never be repaid*, houses and flats can be built to let at seven to ten shillings a week, and still earn the modest fixed interest of 3½ to 4 per cent.

With the money available, the Housing Board's first task would be to buy sites in old-fashioned, space-wasting, decayed-genteel areas. These would be acquired by friendly arrangement when possible, but compulsorily and at arbitration prices when necessary.

In urban areas huge blocks of flats would be erected in the place of the old-fashioned basement houses, with their patches of useless and neglected gardens. They would house ten times as many tenants as had been displaced, and the "decanting" problem would scarcely arise.

As these new dwellings became available, you would see a steady drift of the three- and four-pound-a-week families out of the overcrowded areas, and they would become less overcrowded. Rents would then come down automatically or better accommodation would have to be offered for the same money.

Owners with vacant rooms would recondition their property of their own accord. I am certain that, if we could provide new homes for even ten per cent. of the overcrowded population, the solution of the housing problem would be within sight.

To-day new slums are being created faster than the old ones are cleared. The plan I have proposed would reverse the process.

Idle hands are, alas, as plentiful as idle money. Given the will, we have the means to free ourselves from a great national reproach.

And, as the Prince of Wales says, we have been patient far too long.

King John's Treasure Spoof

King John and his mounted force escape from the tide of the Wash, leaving their treasure train behind them . . .

. . . and now the shade of the much-maligned monarch looks askance at . . .

THE most romantic fortune-hunting enterprise in England has taken a dramatic turn that is anything but romantic. And people are naturally asking why.

They are anxious to know what is happening to the attempt, launched in the earlier part of last year, to recover the Crown jewels and treasure which King John, of unhappy memory, lost in the flood tide of the Wash more than seven hundred years ago.

At present the search is being pursued under a veil of bewildering secrecy.

This adventure — some people would be unkind enough to term it a fantastic adventure—was started in all seriousness.

A company, called Fen Research, Ltd., was formed with most influential support to carry out the work, and among its directors were Mr. Gaspard Ponsonby, of St. James's Palace, the son of Sir Frederick Ponsonby, Treasurer to the King and Keeper of the Privy Purse; Lord Francis Hill, brother of the Marquis of Downshire, and Mr. Simon Elwes, the portrait painter.

Buried riches

Official recognition of the treasure hunt was given by three Government Departments—the Ministry of Agriculture, the Crown Land Commissioners and the Air Council. From those three offices Fen Research, Ltd., secured licences empowering it to explore and excavate over a wide area of land in the neighbourhood of Long Sutton and Wisbech.

It was hereabouts, on the night of October 12, 1216, that the baggage train of King John on a journey from King's Lynn to Wisbech was overwhelmed by a huge tidal wave. The Royal Crown of England, the King's jewel chest, and the gold which had been looted to pay an army of mercenaries in the fight against the barons, was lost.

Time and tradition have given a fabulous value to the treasure.

The place of the disaster exists today under the rich fen lands reclaimed from the sea.

IF and when the treasure can be regained, the achievement will re-echo around the world. The historic interest will be immense. There will also be an incalculable money reward for the finders. Hence the formation of Fen Research.

But it all depends on that very, very big IF.

The split

Interesting conditions attach to any finding of the treasure. Any treasure discovered must be handed over to the Treasury, and after the expenses of the search have been allowed, the Treasury will pay—from moneys provided by Parliament—a reward to be calculated by the Treasury. That safeguarding clause is provided for in the licence given the company. The reward to the company depends entirely on what is unearthed.

Armed with its concessions, Fen Research, Ltd., began its operations in Lincolnshire. Contracts were given to farmers over whose land a search was necessary. A special survey was initiated, and three of the greatest experts in the country were retained to assist. These advisers were Mr. Mortimer Wheeler, Keeper of the London Museum; Dr. A. F. Hallimond, Deputy-Keeper of the Geological Survey, and Mr. O. G. S. Crawford, Archæological Officer of the Ordnance Survey.

One of the latest scientific instruments for detecting the presence of metals was used, and, apparently, to outside observance, everything was proceeding excellently with this gallant effort to obtain the lost property of King John.

Then, quite unexpectedly, the domestic calm of Fen Research, Ltd., was rudely shattered. Two directors —Mr. Gaspard Ponsonby and Lord Francis Hill—and the three experts mentioned above resigned.

They issued the following statement: "We have severed all connection with Fen Research, Ltd., and the project for the recovery of King John's Treasure."

When this break-up occurred the remarkable fact became known that the man with the chief financial interest in securing the treasure of a King of England is an American—Mr. James R. Herbert Boone, a banker, from Baltimore.

JOHN BULL is able to reveal that Mr. Boone has assisted the company to the extent of more than £20,000.

Mr. Boone's side of the quarrel was expressed in the following notice:

"I wish to state, on behalf of the company, of which I am the chairman of directors and the principal shareholder, that, dissatisfied with the business methods of the company and the heavy expenditure incurred, I decided to assume control myself. The policy of the company will remain the same, and it will continue to be conducted on scientific and archæological lines."

On the one side were five Englishmen resigning from all further participation in the hunt for a King's treasure; on the other, an American complaining of excessive spending and criticising the business methods of the company.

Maker of gold

What, then, is the real mystery behind Fen Research, Ltd., and the golden promise of fortune lying in the treasure hunt?

We are in a position to give the inner history of affairs in the company, which led to the storm and the resignations.

One of the root causes of the trouble in the company was the introduction as an experimenter of a German-born chemist lately of the name of Charles Gladitz.

Now, this Mr. Charles Gladitz is an extraordinary man—at least on his own showing. If only a part of the schemes he has fathered had materialised, he would be numbered to-day among the world's greatest millionaires. But he is not. Some unaccountable factor has always upset his most ambitious projects.

He started his career as a clerk, and came from Germany to England more than twenty years ago. During the war he was interned, but recently became naturalised.

Some two years ago he burst on a wondering public as a discoverer. By means of long research he had perfected a secret process of gold-making. He could, in fact—so he claimed—extract gold from volcanic lava by a method which was amazingly cheap.

At that time he declared: "The South African mines with an invested capital of £42,000,000 produce gold bullion to the value of £45,000,000 sterling a year. My process is so cheap that present estimates show that £25,000,000 sterling can be produced with less than £1,000,000 sterling invested capital."

Fantastic scheme

Stored in the factory over which Gladitz presided at Southall, Middlesex, was a great stock of ground lava from the Island of Ascension, waiting to be converted into gold.

Gladitz then needed additional working capital of £50,000. On his own statement an investment of £250,000 had already been sunk in his experiments and in his factory.

He promised that, if the additional capital was forthcoming, he would be able to start the output of gold in six months, and he offered to sell shares in his private company—the New Process Co.—for £100,000.

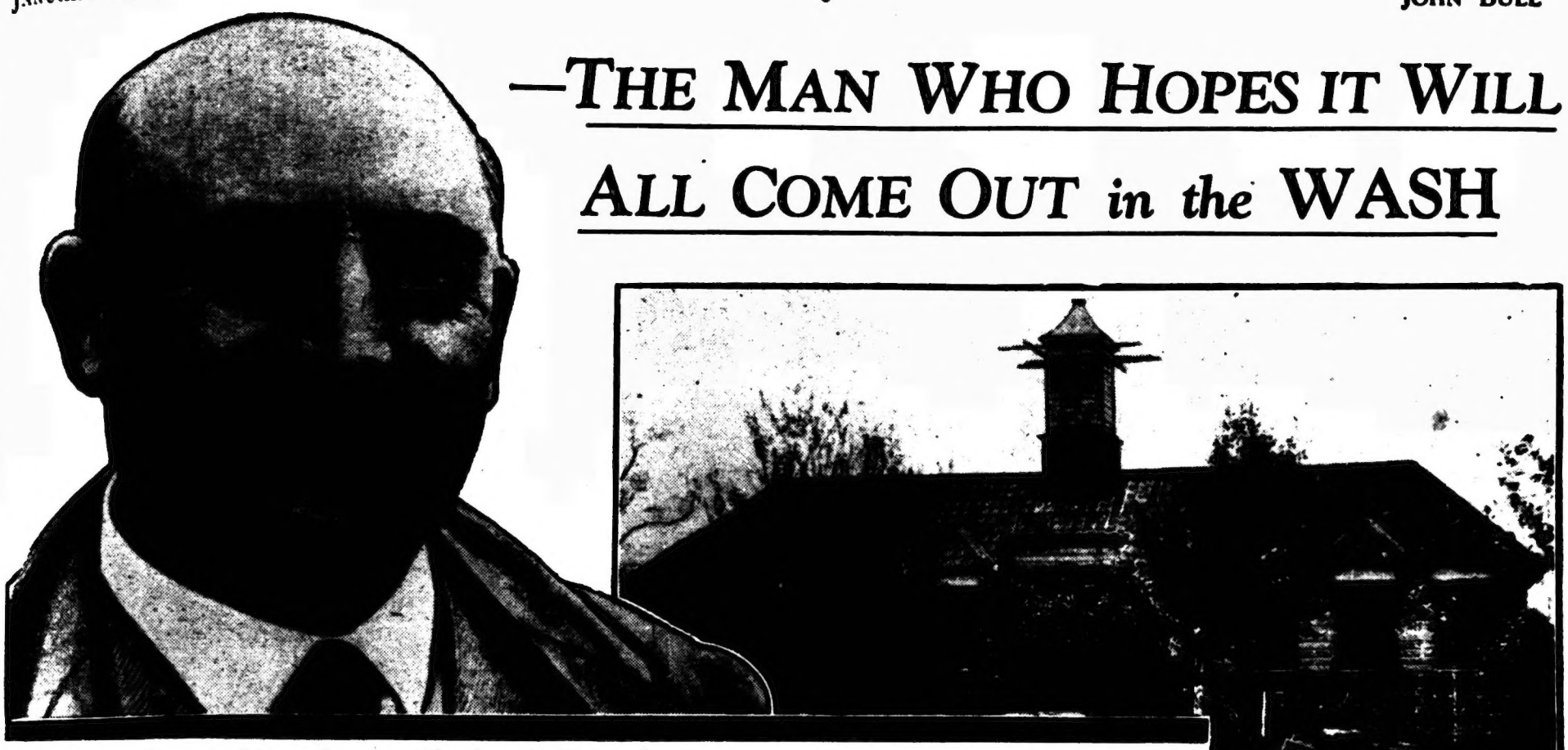
That was in February of 1932. It is scarcely necessary to add that the stream of prospective Southall manufactured gold remains dried up at its source. Southall gold is stagnant.

Metal and mining experts who investigated the gold extraction claims of Charles Gladitz agreed that the whole scheme was fantastic.

Before establishing the Southall factory, Gladitz had a small laboratory in Victoria Street, Westminster. There he was trying to interest people in a process for extracting *platinum from lava*. This was prior to the gold-making stage.

A mining engineer who went to

—THE MAN WHO HOPES IT WILL ALL COME OUT *in the* WASH



. . . a German-born chemist, Charles Gladitz, who is searching for the lost treasure with a quivering needle, a piece of cotton and a sensitive cork

the laboratory to report on the possibilities of the Gladitz invention describes his experience as follows:

"I went down to see him at the request of my friends, and found him extremely enthusiastic.

So valuable!

"He said he could discover the presence of minerals by taking photographs from the air, and from 'emanations' which the photographs gave off. He took me into his laboratory, produced a test tube, and said that its contents were what he had extracted. Then he added a few drops of 'something' to the tube, and down came some platinum to the bottom."

Tests were subsequently arranged for Gladitz's device for locating metals by means of photographs.

Four sacks were prepared, all looking exactly alike. In one sack was concentrates of tin, in the second tin-ore from Cornwall, in the third ordinary rocks and stones from road-making materials, and in the fourth sawdust.

Photographs were taken of the sacks and the prints handed to the inventor for his report on the "emanations." And this was the farcical result:

Gladitz, after applying his wonderful apparatus, reported that the contents of one sack were very valuable.

This was the sack of sawdust.

His report on the sack of tin concentrates was that it held nothing of value.

Although in the opinion of certain experts the idea was absurd, Gladitz did, undoubtedly, secure considerable support for his private company from investors who hoped that his gold-making theory was true.

Stories are current in the City of London of large sums of money paid by speculators for shares in this private concern.

The latest record of shareholders in the New Process Company, filed at Somerset House, shows that people of standing and influence believed in the schemes of the German chemist.

Found!

There was always, too, a suggestion that people—so important that their names dared not be mentioned!—were owners, through nominees, of shares in the gold from lava idea and the trading ventures of the New Process Company.

Anyhow, Charles Gladitz, having failed to materialise with his gold and his platinum, floated into association with Fen Research, Ltd., and the hunt for King John's treasure.

He went to Lincolnshire, with his photographic apparatus and a little appliance of a needle suspended on thread through a cork, to map out the buried course of King John's baggage wagons. He did so at his own expense.

His alleged discoveries were extraordinary. With the photographs, plus the quivering needle, the trembling cotton and the sensitive cork, he claimed to have located no fewer than 680 points where the wagons, the sumpter horses, and the armed escort were underground.

Queer position

Of course, if Charles Gladitz is correct, the rest is easy. It is only a question of excavation and up comes the old Crown of England and all the remainder of King John's money and booty.

An agreement was subsequently proposed between Gladitz and the company. This contract set out:

The appointment of Gladitz as the exclusive independent contractor to excavate the whole track of the escort, subject to the conditions of the Government licence.

An undertaking by members of the company that they would not employ any other person in any capacity whatever to excavate, and that they would use their utmost endeavours to further the work of Gladitz, and that they would not without the permission in writing of Mr. Gladitz, either by themselves, their servants or agents or otherwise, attempt to obtain access to any of the said works.

It was laid down in the agreement that Gladitz should receive his costs from any results of the excavations; that the necessary capital for the work should be provided by James R. Herbert Boone and Gladitz.

Moreover, "when" the treasure was found, the net proceeds should be divided:

One half to Fen Research, Ltd.

One half to Gladitz in consideration of his work towards the recovery of the treasure, and his financing the excavations in co-operation with James R. Herbert Boone.

Thus the clear position under the agreement was that Gladitz, whose fantastic claims had been scoffed at by experts, and Mr. Boone were left to carry on the search for King John's treasure.

Scarcely surprising that other directors connected with the company decided that it would be better for them to sever connection with it.

The headquarters of Fen Research Ltd., beside the Wash

They reasoned that with Gladitz as an associate the whole business of a serious, scientific treasure hunt would become ridiculous.

A clause in the licence granted Fen Research, Ltd., by the Government is of particular importance in view of the activities of Gladitz.

It is this: "*The company shall not execute any works nor employ any methods of working to which written consent of the Minister shall not have been given.*"

We wonder whether the Minister of Agriculture will approve the methods of Charles Gladitz, or leave the possible finding of King John's treasure in his hands?

The Human Machine

What *makes* Character

"WHAT constitutes 'Strength of Character'?" asks a reader: "I suppose if we were to ask ten different people we would get ten different formulæ. My own idea is this—that the possessor must emerge triumphant from any criticism that is levelled against him; and he must stand the acid test of 'opinion.'"

It's all right as far as it goes—but it doesn't go very far; and it's rather putting the cart before the horse.

For a man to have Strength of Character he must, before all else, have clear spiritual vision, be able to distinguish truth from falsehood and reality from sham and glitter; and, having listened to the voice of his own conscience and made his choice, he must stick to his chosen path though the whole world scoffs and derides him.

It is because they can do that that men of character "emerge triumphant from any criticism levelled against them"—because they are not swayed by mob hysteria, because they do not care either for praise or blame, simply forging ahead on the sincere belief that they are pursuing the highest and the best.

Kindness to others, consideration for others, gentleness of disposition, pity—these are all attributes of men of character; and you can add to a long list, devotion to duty, moral courage and a reputation for being the sort of person on whom others can rely.

Does it all sound unattainable? Why should it? What are all these things except the common human virtues that all who seek to be real men should strive to attain?

"Your House is on Fire!"

INTO the machine shop of a large works in the north a messenger rushed desperately.

What he said to a bench worker was lost in the whirr of lathes, so he had to shout again.

"Your house is on fire," rose his voice over the general din.

Few messages fall more heavily on a man than one such as that. His house—home of those he loves, repository of everything he treasures, the centre of all his dreams of the future—blazing away.

Fire which had leapt, apparently, from a kitchen grate had seized the whole kitchen in its torturing grasp, and had then engulfed the sitting-room. Serious damage to the contents of these rooms could not be averted.

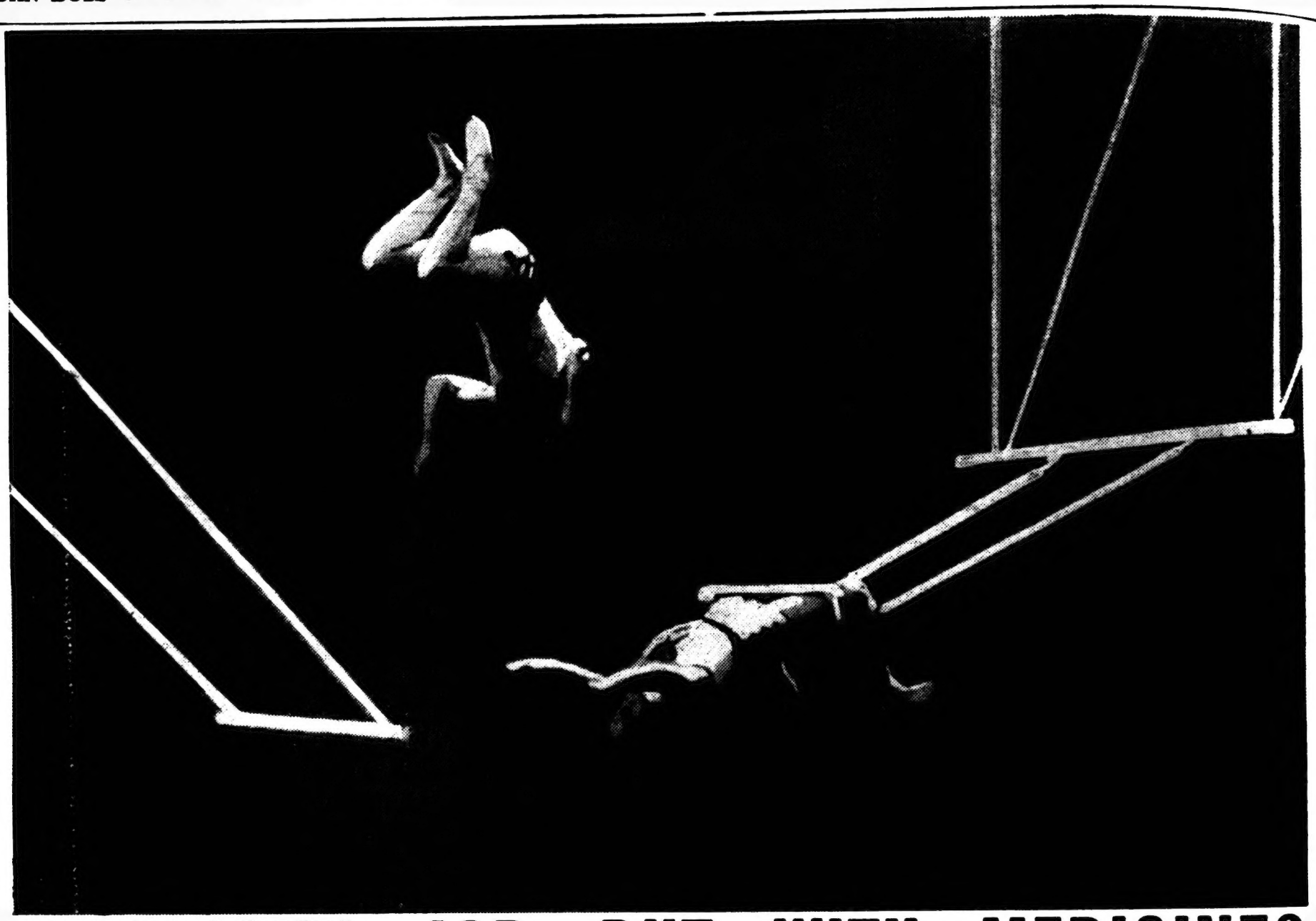
The story of a man's ruin? No, it might have been, but wasn't.

It would have been if he hadn't filled up a piece of paper such as you will find reproduced for your benefit on page 18.

The next message of importance to reach his machine shop was a happier one—the news that he, himself, carried there to the effect that JOHN BULL had sent him a cheque to cover his loss.

Other people followed his lead as a result of that fire.

What about you?



A TRICKY JOB—BUT WITH MEDICINES THEY PLAY FOR SAFETY . . .

Careful and yet carefree—it's in their blood. But see them when there's illness at home — then only the doctor and the chemist can relieve their anxiety. And the doctor's prescription goes straight to Boots — there is a Boots branch wherever they tour. They know that Boots system of dispensing means accuracy with speed, and they appreciate a service which is as friendly as it is efficient . . . Boots have over 1,500 qualified chemists dispensing drugs which have been tested and re-tested in Boots magnificent laboratories. Next time the doctor gives you a prescription . . . .

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CVB—14

Let ENGLAND *have a* LOOK *at* YOU

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to CEDRIC HARDWICKE,

the new actor-knight

MY DEAR CEDRIC,—So they have made a knight of you. You appeared in the Honours List with merely the word "Actor" after your name. How proud you must be of that.

And now the King is to tap you on the shoulder with a sword and say, "Arise, Sir Cedric."

I would not have believed it. Now, on December 30, only a few days ago, a woman who had come to tea heard me say that it was expected that a certain actor-manager was to be knighted. I had been told how strings had been pulled, and influence used. . . .

"Why not Cedric Hardwicke?" she asked.

"Oh, that guy wouldn't be knighted," I replied. "He's only an actor. They don't knight 'em as actors. They knight 'em as managers, or because of their so-called work for charity. Cedric happens to be the best actor in England. But they don't count things like that."

Then, the very next evening, when I went into my office, I saw the Honours List. And there was your name! The other fellow wasn't in. But you were.

Now, I don't believe in titles. But if there are to be any, I like them to go to the people who deserve them. And you are one of them.

You see, there is no intriguing about you, or swank. You do not arrange "publicity" for yourself.

Indeed, I can remember, in 1930, when I was asked to write an article on "The Best Actor in England"—actually I paired you and Charles Laughton and called it "Our Two Best Actors"—you were surprised when I asked you to call to tell me all about yourself. You could not understand why you had been chosen.

Well, I was right, wasn't I? You and Laughton were again the two great successes of 1933.

Both of you started off humbly as pupils of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Neither of you had any influence behind you. Neither of you pulled any strings. You both achieved distinction by sheer merit and by persistent hard work.

In your own case, it is all the more extraordinary because, although you are not yet forty-one, you wasted no fewer than seven years in the Army. Yes, joining up in 1914, you were actually the last British soldier to leave the war zone!

It was not till 1921 that you hauled down the Union Jack at St. Pol and carried it home to keep it, where it still is, in your actor's dress-basket.

I have a photograph of you stepping on a cross-Channel steamer—the last soldier to leave France.

Yet it was not I who first recognised you as the great actor as you are. It was Bernard Shaw, who knows more about acting than any other living dramatist.

When, nearly nine years ago, you were acting Cæsar in his play, "Cæsar and Cleopatra," he said, "Hardwicke is one of the three best actors in England."

"Who are the other two" you asked humbly, when you heard it, "Lew Lake and George Robey?"

Now I like you because of the honest, decent way you do your job. I have seen you play the First Gravedigger in "Hamlet." I have seen you as Captain Andy in "Show Boat," quite a different kind of play. Your superb elocution in the last act of "Back to Methuselah," and all through "The Apple Cart," that dull and boring play, was a veritable triumph.

Indeed, it was your acting of King Magnus that saved "The Apple Cart," although I remember, after the dress rehearsal at Malvern, you told me you thought you had failed.

Why don't you go on tour, Cedric? Why don't you go and show all the people of the provinces what great acting is? Our leading actors used to go. Most of them feel too much above it, nowadays. They despise the provinces.

Irving used to tour. In fact, he earned his money on the road, so that he could lose it in London.

Why don't you show them your great acting in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," which was a revelation of the terrors of the mid-Victorian days when women were slaves and children were prisoners?

Most of the people in the provinces merely know you by name because of your long run in "The Farmer's Wife."

You see, on the films, which they see, you have not been given your great chance yet. You gave a brilliant performance on the screen in "Dreyfus." But, alas, the production was not worthy of you. Perhaps Hollywood will rake you in as a film actor, one day, just as they did Laughton.

You and Edith Evans have made of "The Late Christopher Bean" such a success that it may run for months yet. But, at the end of that time, let the country see you. They love good acting in the provinces. But, alas, they are very seldom allowed to see it.

Go on the road, Cedric.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. W. ORMSBY-GORE,
First Commissioner of Works

DEAR SIR,—While the Ministry of Health presses Durham to demolish certain old houses as slums, you talk about the need to preserve them as ancient monuments.

Let them remain as ancient monuments, providing people are not expected to live and rear families in them.

But try living among the ruins of Stonehenge before you perpetuate slums in the name of antiquity.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. G. G. GARRETT,
Ryde, Isle of Wight

REVEREND SIR,—Taking offence because your sister was appointed receiver of your mother's estate, you spent several days in publicly abusing her husband and plastered his windows with placards about the "Last Day" services you were conducting.

And you abused the matron of the nursing home where your mother was staying.

I imagine your last day as a model to your flock has gone.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. ZIMENDER NORBURY,
Middle Hillgate, Stockport

MADAM,—Your theft of £1 from a blind man was doubly despicable since he was your grandfather.

The magistrates merely bound you over; perhaps they thought your own conscience would punish you sufficiently.

But have you a conscience?

JOHN BULL.

RED WALLINGER,
Pontefract

FOOL,—"Just for fun," and at the point of a rifle, you and a friend held up three young boys who had come to sing outside your house and relieved them of their earnings.

A strange form of humour, and since you went on to fire over the lads' heads I am not surprised they were too frightened to sleep that night.

Yet the Bench seemed to enjoy the fun and just bound you over. That, to me, is an equally bad joke.

JOHN BULL.

PUBLIC ASSISTANCE COMMITTEE,
Hull

GENTLEMEN,—I like cleanliness, but I agree with the coroner who—when enquiring into the fatal fall of an aged inmate—said that highly polished floors are not suitable for a public institution.

Make the place safe for the old and infirm people who have to live there rather than a treat for the eyes of fastidious visitors.

JOHN BULL.

LITTLE JOHN WOOD,
Southend-on-Sea

BABY JOHNNY,—
Congratulations, little one;
To be three months old must be great fun,
And 'tis asserted that you may be
Southend's very smallest baby.
And through the Press the whole world knows
You've just been given your first clothes.

. . . . . .

The day will come when you'll be bigger,
And have a more imposing figure,
But now you are the lord of all
Because you're small.

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM ARTHUR HORTON,
Burton-on-Trent

HORTON,—It was a particularly shabby theft to rifle a child's money-box of £2 10s., especially as the child was the daughter of your employer, who had treated you very well.

As you have previous convictions for robbing employers, I think the magistrates started the New Year very well by sending you to jail for three months.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOSEPH ABBOTT,
Stanley, Durham

DEAR SIR,—If you manage to collect as much money in your job as a bus conductor as you do in your spare time, your employers must be very pleased with you.

For, with your family, you have raised over £3,000 by giving entertainments for charity. Then, when a party of music-hall artists were stranded without any wages, you wrote and staged a revue in their aid.

It's plain that you have not only great ability, but a great heart.

JOHN BULL.

Miss FLORENCE HORSBRUGH,
M.P. for Dundee

DEAR MISS HORSBRUGH,—I have often spoken of the terrible evils that attend the drinking of methylated spirit and the concoctions of spirit and red wine.

I have told how such cheap drink drives its victims to incurable drunkenness or madness.

Now you are bringing into Parliament a Bill to restrict its sale; I trust it will be speedily passed into law.

JOHN BULL.

Dame ETHEL SMYTH,
Coign, Woking

DEAR DAME ETHEL,—It was good to see Sir Thomas Beecham conducting a concert at which all the music was your own composition—a worthy honour to Britain's great woman composer.

Yet I can remember you as a militant suffragist, and at the age of seventy-five your memories must be not only many, but varied.

I hope you will long be with us to lend lustre to British music.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. ADA M. APPLETON,
Bath Street, Birmingham

MADAM,—Rather a saucy old lady, aren't you?

Though you drew the old-age pension as a person without means, it was stated that you rented sixteen houses and made a profit of £5 7s. a week. And when the pensions officer taxed you with it, you ordered her out and abused her for her "cheek."

Well, your cheek has cost you £25. I hope this will convince you that incivility never pays and that honesty is the cheaper policy.

JOHN BULL.

CHAIRMAN, Penrith Bench: Agree that decline of drunkenness shows public can do without leading-strings. But most licensing justices think public cannot stand on its feet!—JOHN BULL.

Master EDDIE OLIVER,
Ramsgate

DEAR EDDIE,—I hope you won't blame the police for stopping your kinema shows in an underground room, which have been enjoyed by 16,000 children in the past three years.

Though you are only thirteen, I'm sure you realise what a terrible tragedy might have happened had fire broken out.

But I admire your enterprise. Don't let it be discouraged by this setback, and you'll have a great future.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WALTER ROGERS,
Croydon

DEAR "ROG,"—8,300 hours in the air in twenty years as an aeroplane pilot, during which you have flown 830,000 miles, is a great record. Particularly so since you have flown any and every type of machine, taking the first that came and getting on with the job irrespective of your own safety.

Though usually "up in the air," you are a very solid person who thinks little or nothing of your great flying achievements. The stuff of the real Englishman!

JOHN BULL.

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BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND MOST PROGRESSIVE CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE IN THE WORLD

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If at any time they experience any difficulty they can ask for help and nobody will know it. All they have to do is to send a note explaining the difficulty and they will find the tutors are always willing to give every possible assistance. The spoken word may be forgotten, but the printed or typed word is permanent and can always be referred to. There is nothing that a Classroom Teacher can say or show on a blackboard that cannot also be shown on white paper; the lesson on the blackboard gets cleaned off, but the printed or typed lesson is permanent. A Classroom Teacher's explanation may be forgotten, but a written explanation may always be kept for reference. A Classroom Tutor cannot give a private word of encouragement, but a Correspondence Tutor can do so whenever the work deserves it. On the other hand he, where necessary, points out mistakes privately.

J. H. Bennett

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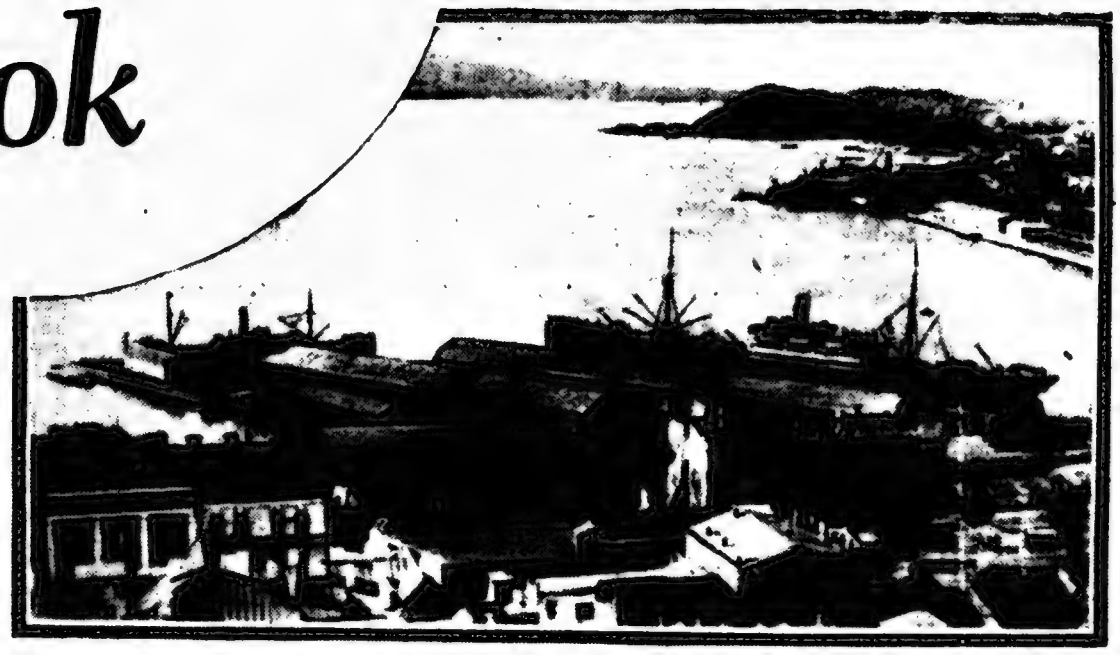
Vladivostok —The Nightmare of JAPAN



Vladivostok, "the most thrilling place on the map to-day"

by **A. G. Gardiner**

JOHN BRIGHT used to say that the only good thing about war was that it taught people geography.

It is the possibility of war that makes Vladivostok the most thrilling place on the map to-day. "Japan is preparing an attack upon us," said M. Litvinoff to the Central Executive of the Soviet Union a few days ago, and no one who studies the drama in the Far East can question the imminence of a clash between the two great Asiatic military Powers

If it comes, Vladivostok will be the centre of the explosion and its possession will be the prize of the victor.

Take a glance at the map and the significance of Vladivostok will be apparent. It is vital to Russia as her only exit to the Pacific; it is a nightmare to Japan as the only challenge to her dominion in the Far East.

Get rid of that challenge and the Japanese hegemony of Asia would be assured. Already she has her foothold firmly established on the mainland. A generation ago she seized Korea. Three years ago she seized Manchuria. Later she advanced her pennons into Jehol.

Vulnerable, but—

At this moment she is advancing farther west into Mongolia. Soon she will crown her puppet king of Manchuria, and, that done, Northern China may be expected to fall into the system she is building up.

But always Vladivostok lies there in the heart of her new empire, the solitary link with Europe. On the face of it, no stronghold could be more vulnerable. It lies at the end of a railway that trails across thousands of miles of Siberia. The last thousand miles of its course runs parallel with Manchuria and could obviously be cut at a hundred points by the Japanese.

The port itself is enveloped by the power of Japan on all sides. It opens into the Sea of Japan, which is in control of the Japanese navy. Eastward, only four hundred miles away across that sea, lies Japan with her swarming millions of people and her vast military resources.

To the south of the port is Korea, *i.e.*, Japan. Westward of the port is Manchuria—again Japan. Remote from its base and hemmed in as it is, it might be assumed that Vladivostok is helpless and that Japan would have nothing to do but to walk in and take possession.

But that is not the case. It could be reduced at a price, of course; but the price is high. And it is the nature of that price that makes Vladivostok the nightmare of Japan.

For ever since Japan started on her adventure in Manchuria, Russia has been transferring all her military energies to the Far East, and especially to the maritime province that culminates in Vladivostok. Thither have been sent in ceaseless transport troops and equipment—aeroplanes, tanks, fort artillery and munitions.

The Vladivostok region—including the neighbouring islands—has become a mighty fortress. The main preoccupation is the creation of an aeroplane and submarine base of terrific striking power. Submarines have been transported in parts from the Black Sea and made up in Vladivostok, and a great aerodrome and a seaplane station have been constructed. Foreign experts and engineers have been employed in increasing number, and the bay of the Golden Horn has become a feverish workshop.

A recent order has practically made it a closed sea. Ocean steamers are forbidden to enter the bay. The order applies not only to foreign vessels, but even to those flying the Soviet flag. The supplies of grain and war material which have been poured into the Vladivostok region are stated to be sufficient to enable the defence to be maintained for several months without bringing any fresh supplies from European Russia.

Japan is naturally anxious to discover what is going on behind the veil of secrecy that hangs over Vladivostok, and it was the suspicion that the Japanese aeroplanes which were alleged to have flown over prohibited territory were spying out the land that led to the most recent quarrel between the two countries.

It is, curiously enough, not Vladivostok's power of defence, but its power of offence that makes it a nightmare to Japan. When Japan waged her last war with Russia she held all the offensive cards on sea and land.

Japan's fear

But the conquest of the air has changed all that. Japan has become terribly vulnerable to attack from the air, and the conversion of Vladivostok into a great military aviation base keeps Tokyo awake o' nights. A war in the air would be a war in which Japan would have no advantage. On the contrary, she would be far more vulnerable than Russia.

The great cities of Russia are thousands of miles away, but the capital and all the great cities of Japan are within easy striking distance of Vladivostok. It is the fear that, within a few hours of the outbreak of hostilities, Tokyo would be under fire from the air that gives the Japanese pause.

The great air raid rehearsals staged at Tokyo and Yokohama last summer indicate how much this fear preoccupies the mind of the Japanese war lords. The object of these rehearsals was to test the measures of defence and to discipline the public against panic in the case of a real attack, but however successful the rehearsals may have been in this respect, they could not fail to deepen the sense of the real menace that war would bring to the civilian population.

And in a lesser degree the submarine is a strong card in the hand of Russia. It played no part in the previous Russo-Japanese War; but in another war it would be a powerful instrument on the side of Russia. Her armies and material would all be land-borne. Japan's would all be sea-borne, and, with the Sea of Japan swarming with enemy submarines, would be subject to ceaseless and possibly devastating attack.

It does not follow from all this that Vladivostok would hold out against the powers with which it is enveloped. But it does, I think, follow that a war would not be a "walk-over" for Japan, and that Japan knows this.

Don't want war

That is the one hopeful element of the situation. It discounts to some extent the confident prediction which one hears from all quarters that war is inevitable when the winter loosens its grip on Manchuria.

Both countries, it is true, are arming furiously and openly against each other. In the last three years Japan's military and naval expenditure has trebled, and though we have no figures showing the magnitude of Russia's preparations, they are, no doubt, on a corresponding scale. But neither wants war—now. Russia has got her hands full at home and Japan has plenty of occupation in consolidating her hold on Manchuria and completing her absorption of Northern China.

But the whole region is a powder-magazine, and where sparks are flying so freely and nerves are on edge, it may be impossible to prevent the conflagration.

If it comes, can it be isolated, or will the world be drawn into the whirlpool? Who can say? When Russia and Japan fought last, Europe was a relatively peaceful family and agreed to keep the ring. But Europe to-day is a madhouse, and it is idle to speculate on what would happen.

Meanwhile, we can hope that Japan's nightmare will restrain her from striking. If she holds her hand, I do not think Russia will want to make a war which she would pretty certainly lose in the end.

Not from the B.B.C.—Mae West sings the praises of—

BEEF and BEAUTY

I'M no angel—not a bit!
A widely-blazoned fact
Which you will readily admit
If you have watched me act!
For all the angels I have seen,
On Christmas cards, have always been
So slim that one might call them lean!

Though I'm no angel, I'm no dud
Composed of bones and nerves!
I am a thing of flesh and blood
And captivating curves!
My waist is where waists used to be,
My hips are there for all to see—
Why not "go West" and look like me?

"Go West, young man!" is a piece of advice which has been amended by Hollywood to "Go West, young woman."

In recent years there have been two great revolutions in the kingdom of Filmiamia. The first came with the invention of the talkies and the paradoxical discovery that many popular stars had only to speak to reveal that they were dumb."

The second has been brought about by me, and has demonstrated the great and glorious truth that gentlemen prefer blondes with curves.

For years the manufacture of film stars was inspired by the proverb, "The nearer the bone, the sweeter the meat." Film heroines, like film stories, became more and more slender, until there was no doubt that the world's finest actresses were to be seen on the screen.

I'm not a "fine" actress in that sense, for, in making a sex-appealing picture, I have always favoured a "weight and she" policy. And the public has come West in such numbers that Hollywood has decided that film fans want heroines with the generous contours of 1910.

In those days women were visibly women. The so-called boyish figure had not been invented, and nobody was fool enough to wait outside the Gaiety stage door in the hope of being seen at supper with a rag and a bone and a hank of hair.

I don't know why precisely women suddenly adopted the fading fad, going out of their way to rid themselves of the shape Nature had given them; but what I do know is that the lads of the village are no longer content merely to shrug their shoulders and murmur, "Ah, well, girls will be boys!"

My success has already put the "ban" in "banting." A few months ago American women did not mind how lean a time they had as long as they kept straight (I mean "figuratively"); but now, instead of lunching on a caraway seed and a glass of water, they are willing to bear the eat and burden of the day, so as to acquire my Junoesque (no, I didn't say "Jumboesque") proportions.

My advice regarding diet is being eagerly sought, and I have made no bones (bones not being much in my line) about announcing to the Press that I favour plenty of cream, butter and potatoes, a steak for lunch, and "anything you fancy" for dinner.

If you want to get a line
On the way that you can shine
As a girl who's well endowed with sex appeal,
Then accept from me these tips;
Try to cultivate your hips,
And do not fail your figure to reveal.

The food canaries eat
Will not help you to repeat
The devastating triumphs that are mine.
Throw away that charcoal cake,
Try conclusions with a steak,
And polish off potatoes when you dine!

The men will all observe,
As they gaze upon each curve:
"I like to see 'em fashioned in that way!"
Though no angel you may be,
Have no angles, e'en as me,
And you then may start to gather knuts as Mae!

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY. COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Turkish Towels, 3/11 doz. Ladies' Art Silk Hose, 8/11 doz. Ladies' Apron Overalls, 4/11 doz. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. Boys' Sports Hose, 4's to 8's, 4/9 doz. Quarter dozens supplied. Good profits can be made. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

FREE PRICE LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON E.C.3.

HOSIERY, Underwear, Drapery, Frocks, etc. Factory prices, 50% profit. No risk. Any quantity. Catal. and parties. free.—London Textiles, Ltd., Broadway Chambers, Hammersmith, W.6.

DRAPERY, Hosiery, Underwear and Boots. Illus. Catlg. for Credit Drapers and Beginners Post free.—Keenest prices (wholesale only).—M. Morris, 110-113 Houndsditch London, E.C.3.

LADIES' Hosiery, U'wear. Buy for resale, 50% profit. No risk. Illus. Cat. free. Beginners instructed. Rayon Silk Co. (J.), 9, Friday St., E.C.4.

A GOLDEN Opportunity for Credit Traders, Shopkeepers and Beginners. Send for free illus. Catlgs. of Household Fashion and Fancy Goods.—Dept. J.B., THE HOUNDSDITCH WAREHOUSE CO., LTD., Houndsditch, E.C.3.

JONES'S WHOLESALE WAREHOUSE, 14, Basinghall St., Leeds, cheapest Mail Order firm, invite country Shopkeepers and Market Traders to write for New 1934 Price Lists of Drapery, Underwear, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Small Wares.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

AGENTS required to sell well-known Gift Coupon Tea and household Specialities—good comm., whole or part time.—Apply, Shield Tea Supply Co. (Dept. J.B.), St. Andrews, Bradford.

A HOBBY THAT PAYS! A pleasant way of making money in your spare time by organising a "Worldwide" 1/- weekly Club. No experience or outlay. Send for free booklet "Here's Extra Money Waiting For You."—Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses, Charles St., Manchester, 1. (Mention *John Bull*.)

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS—THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, London, Birmingham, Manchester. Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7) or write for details of training. B.S.M., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus. 80,000 successful pupils.

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist. Write parties. Home Study Course, 3 School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

100 VACANCIES.
100 (one hundred) vacancies occur for men aged 19-21 as Customs and Excise Officers. Commencing pay £3 6s., rising to £10 15s. per week. No experience required. Open Entrance exams., March 20th.—For full details apply, B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 29, Oxford St., W.1.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commence £4 per week. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects.—Free details of entrance Exam., B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 31, Oxford St., W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE.—For details of openings, age limits, salaries, entrance exams., etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards), write for free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

IMMEDIATE EMPLOYMENT offered in the Army to men between 18 and 25. Good pay. Free food, clothing, housing. Plenty of sport. Holidays on full pay.—Apply any Recruiting Office or Drill Hall.

THE POLICE FORCE offers attractive careers to keen young men, aged 17-26. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—Full details on application to B.T.I. (Dept. 602), 29, Oxford St., W.1.

"HOW must I express myself?" explains our method of teaching English by post. Free.—144, BROADBENT'S COLLEGE, BURNLEY.

FATHERLY ADVICE on all careers and the possibility of employment therein is offered by Mr. Bennett, the Governor of the Bennett College, Sheffield, whose announcement on p. 12 will interest all who seek to advance their positions in life.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free.—Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

PRINTING, Billheads, Handbills, Cards from 2/6 1,000. Samples free.—Stanley Osborne & Co., Millbrook Street, Gloucester.

PRINTING. — ENGLAND'S CHEAPEST AND BEST. SAMPLES FREE. — DEPT. AJB, 72, Millward Street, Birmingham, 9.

BARGAIN SALES.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 11 lb. 4/6, for Socks, etc. Colours from 2/3. Mixtures from 2/11 lb., post free, Patts, Wools, Serges, Tweeds, Egerton Burnetts W.B. W'house, Wellington, Som.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate : 10s. per line averaging six words, Minimum Charge 30s.
Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address : The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — West Riding WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Becks British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

DIRECT CHINA.—18-piece teasets, 2/7. Crates of Cups and Saucers, Plates, Jugs, Bowls, 12/6 to £10. Dinner and teasets free. Big bargain Catalogue free.—Direct Pottery, Burslem.

WOOL SALE.—Better value than ever in rug and knitting. Send 1d. P.C. for samples.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-T.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Mickey Mouse Novs., Mus. Inst., etc.—List J.B. 1470 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

BABY'S
BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-.
75 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD. PORTSMOUTH.

CHEAP brushes are a false economy! The announcement of the KLEEN-E-ZE BRUSH CO. on p. 26 is well worth observing.

PRESERVE your health and fitness by wearing a "Spencer" Supporting Corset.—Write, Spencer Corsets, Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, for further particulars. See advt. on p. 34.

FREE PATTERNS and illustrated Catalogue of the "Berkeley Superlax" Chair and Suite, obtainable on easy terms, can be obtained by writing to H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 70/78, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1.

Someone's going to make MONEY in 1934

POST this COUPON & IT CAN BE YOU!

To WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES, Charles Street, Manchester, 1.
Please send me free and without obligation your Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs, showing how I can earn from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

NAME .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

J.B.32. .....
(Send in unsealed envelope, 1d. stamp only required.)

SIMPLY fill in your name and address on the Coupon on left and post it in an unsealed envelope with a ½d. stamp affixed for full particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs—it can mean from £2 up to £5 and more to you. "Worldwide" Clubs are a happy opportunity for you to earn in a few minutes of your spare time each week a good Commission and Profit-share in an easy and pleasant way. *You also benefit your friends*—they buy direct from the Warehouse on the very simple terms of 1/- weekly and at Warehouse prices, saving them from 5/- to 10/- in the £, Boots and Shoes, Ladies' and Men's Wear, Fashions, Furniture, Crockery and Household Goods of every description. Don't miss this opportunity which many thousands enjoy—add to your income at the friendliest hobby in the world—no samples to carry or selling to do; no experience or capital required. POST THE COUPON TO-DAY for illustrated Bargain Catalogue and full particulars—free and without obligation.

Associated Warehouses—J. D. Williams & Co., Ltd. of Manchester. Established 1875. British to the backbone—60 years' reputation for honourable dealings and sending over 3,000,000 parcels and packets annually.
Directors: E. C. and W. P. Williams.

WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES
Charles Street, MANCHESTER, 1

ONE WEEK ONLY. Half Price Latest Patent tile.—Send 1/6 to Mordaunt, 21, Ashbourne Road, Liverpool. Satisfaction guaranteed.

WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2½d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

800 PAIRS Only.—Botany Socks, 10", 10½", 11", HEATHER MIXTURE & BLACK. WORTH 2/6 Pr., 1/9 pr. Post paid, 3 prs. 5/-.—DEWHIRST'S FABRIC W'HOUSE, SWAINE ST., BRADFORD.

EXCEPTIONAL OFFER.—High Road guaranteed SERVICE BOOTS. Black Box Derby Style, through double soles or studded Rubber soles. Leather-lined throughout. Sizes 6 to 11, 10/- a pair, post 9d.—Rocketts Shoe Stores, Dept. M.O.8, Ossett, Yorks. Bargain Footwear List free.

THAT GARDEN SHED you want can be yours for a small amount down. See offer foot of p. 3.

A GOOD Feather Pillow means sound sleep. A luxury you can afford. See advt. of Downland Bedding Co. on page 3.

SPECIAL VALUE in Men's Cardigans. A bargain is offered by Messrs. Lamdins, Ltd., in this week's "Shop Window" (page 3)

A WONDERFUL new covering for damp floors, etc. Looks like Tudor Tiles, 90 sq. ft. 15/-. Send for free samples and parties, to J. B. Andrews & Sons, Sutherland Sq., Walworth Rd., S.E.17.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1934 CATALOGUE AND GARDENING GUIDE, 152 pages, 257 illustrations, free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., King's Seedsmen, Edinburgh.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, Radiograms, 64 pages how to make, 3d. Motors, 6/6; Repairs, Accordions, Violins.—Regentbuil, 120, Old Street, London.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, BANJOS, GUITARS, etc. Wonderful New 1934 catalogue, 44 pages, free.—Terms, OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B.5, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS 4d. each! Here's your chance to get six latest Durium Records for the price you usually pay for one Record. Each record two tunes. Don't miss the offer on p 3.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Economise by using our famous Tea Siftings. 10 lb. 10/-, c.p. Satis. guar.—Victoria Tea Co., Arcade Chambers, Reading.

TEAS direct from the Blenders at Wholesale Prices, large or small quantities, loose or packeted. Agents wanted for packet teas. Samps. free.—Poulters, Dane Place Bow, London, E.3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—"Artico" Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive Cure, by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! The Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery, Wonderful! No lumpy pads; no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (482M) 80 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

AGED PEOPLE find Allenburys Diet grateful and comforting. Send 3d. stamps for 1-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.4), 37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

BRONCHITIS, Tickly Cough. "STOPSIT" compound gives instant relief, allowing sleep. Trial bottle 2/6.—STOPSIT, 213 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, Scotland.

INSTANT Relief from Piles and Gravel. Take George's World Famous Pills, 1/3. Obtainable all Chemists.—Hirwaun, South Wales.

CATARRH.—Vapo Cresolene gives quicker relief in coughs and nasal and bronchial catarrhs. Write for Free Booklet No. 29E to Allen and Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists or by post, 5½d. and 9½d. RANKIN & CO., Dept. "G," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

IF YOU ARE RUPTURED write to London Surgical Co. (Dept. B.21) for partics. of inexpensive appliances. Address: 22, Gt. James St., Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. See page 3.

FREE TO INDIGESTION SUFFERERS! On p. 29 a generous free bottle of "LACTOPEPTINE," a marvellous natural remedy for Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, Stomach Pains, Acidity, Gastric Trouble, etc., endorsed by the medical profession, is offered to every reader who suffers from these distressing maladies. No matter what form the Indigestion may take, "LACTOPEPTINE" quickly and effectively deals with it. Simply send a p.c. for a 15-tablet bottle, which will be sent free of charge and without obligation, to Hazelwell Products, Ltd., Westfield Street, St. Helens, and be sure to mention *John Bull* when writing, as this offer may not appear again.

ALL the dispensing at Boots is controlled by qualified chemists working to standards which are Boots' standards—stricter than the law demands. Next time the doctor gives you a prescription, get it made up at Boots. Turn to p. 10.

STEEDMAN'S FAMOUS BOOK, "Hints to Mothers," is offered free on p. 25.

SAMPLES of "Zee-Kol" Ointment, Pills and Medicated Soap will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) appearing on p. 35.

A GENEROUS SAMPLE of a simple herb for the relief of Colds and Catarrh will be sent free and without obligation on application to Angus Sinclair, 81/F, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

FREE.—48-page book on Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh. Every reader suffering from these distressing complaints should write for a copy of Dr. Hair's remarkable book. Simply address: Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure, Ltd. (Dept. 69), 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

READERS' attention is drawn to the "Nostroline" advt. on page 31.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, etc., BOUGHT. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10s. or £1 per month. Open a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR. No deposit, no references required. Write for SALE Catalogue, also Gentlemen's Catalogue, to Dept. W.C., SMARTWEAR, Ltd., 263-271, Regent Street, London, W.1.

IN EXCHANGE for "Bournville" Cocoa coupons, Cadbury's offer three special Gifts which are illustrated in the advt. on p. 18. The voucher at the bottom of the advt. counts as one coupon, so attach this to your application for whichever gift you desire.

DON'T OVERLOOK PAGE 23. The reasons given in the DU MAURIER CIGARETTE advt. are sufficiently convincing for readers to give this popular priced cigarette a trial. They are obtainable at most tobacconists. Turn now to p. 23.

A SAMPLE of "Doge" Face Cream will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) appearing on p. 33.

FREE illus. Booklet of Gifts in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Cocoa.—Write, Dept. J.B.N.A., Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York.

SEND for free sample tube of "Shavex," the modern method of shaving. Attach coupon in the advt. on p. 33 to your name and address with 2d. stamp for postage.

Audacious NEW Motoring Scheme

Exposed by Sir Wyndham CHILDS

Equipped with a large map and a plentiful supply of confidence, Mr. Aspinall proceeded to "sell Britain"

FOR some time past, I have been receiving some very serious complaints about a company called the British B.O.R.D. Oil, Ltd., which boasts impressive and elaborately furnished headquarters in Victoria Street, London, and branches in almost every important business centre of the country.

The chief aim of this concern, apparently, is the manufacture and sale of what is termed "the highest possible quality motor engine oil procurable."

And, if one is to judge from the company's literature, the production is certainly one which should prove to be a first-rate boon to motorists, for it is confidently described as "the new oil that *leads under load*," and as "the best that money can buy."

The scheme directed by the British B.O.R.D. Oil, Ltd., is undeniably an attractive one for motorists.

"Why buy oil in drips and drops?" its directors ask. "Why pay 'through the nose' for the different brands you buy at garages when you can have the best thing—and the same thing all the time—delivered at your door!"

The pamphlets of the British B.O.R.D. Oil, Ltd., are so emphatically worded that they can leave little doubt in the reader's mind that the company's programme is the last word in efficiency, and that the product it offers to the motoring public is one unequalled in both value and service.

Secret formula

For, in co-operation with "one of the largest (but unnamed) oil-blending companies in the United Kingdom," I observe that the British B.O.R.D. Oil, Ltd., "blends by a fixed and secret formula all its various grades of engine oil, known as A, BB, B, XL, XXL—and so on—under a highly technical process which demands the skill of expert chemists. . . ."

In other words, B.O.R.D. is B.E.S.T., and what is, perhaps, of more importance still to many motorists, is also the cheapest!

But—you cannot buy this promising commodity in small quantities as you can other oils at ordinary garages.

"It cannot be bought in quarts," says the company.

Owing to the high cost and concentrative skill of its much-blended production, the company can only sell B.O.R.D." in drums.

These are obtainable, through local agents and managers, at prices which vary according to the different sizes, which contain from five to fifty gallons.

But the drums themselves are free; and, once an order is given, the B.O.R.D." oil is delivered to the motorist's door, carriage paid.

Nor need motorists be unduly worried about immediate payment, for the British B.O.R.D. Oil, Ltd., is most considerate about this, too.

Its directors—in emphatic print—state that they quite appreciate that it is not always palatable for motorists to pay "cash with order—particularly if you are not personally acquainted with our representative," and so they have graciously devised a modified C.O.D. system which gives customers complete protection.

This modified system, I find, is quite ingenious, though I fear that the work of the General Post Office will increase at a most unreasonable rate if all firms with such extensive ramifications adopt it.

For, after delivery of the drums of "B.O.R.D." oil, the receipted bill is sent C.O.D. by post, and clients pay the postman and are thus saved the bother of remitting by letter!

That, very briefly put, is a general outline of the engaging offer the British B.O.R.D. Oil, Ltd., makes to the motoring public.

Now, in order to carry out this somewhat comprehensive scheme, entailing as it does the manufacture and supply of highly-graded oil from factory to door, it becomes clear at once that the company must have depots and agents in all parts of the country.

It certainly has; and it is mostly with regard to the manner in which these depots are opened, and their agents appointed and installed, that I am concerned.

Disillusioned

I therefore propose to confine myself here to some of the grievances of local managers who have been, in my opinion, very badly treated.

The company, for some time past, has made a habit of advertising in various newspapers for "concessionaires."

People—mostly unemployed men at their wits' end to find work and with their slender capital diminishing fast—have been told the most impressive stories of the company's alleged stability and success.

The favoured proposition, I find, has been that whole areas of thickly populated country, in which "B.O.R.D." oil was certain to sell rapidly, were available for "covering" by agents, and that the company would be willing (provided credentials were in order) to allot these areas separately to specially-selected applicants in return for sums of from £100 to £300 which had to be handed over as a "returnable investment."

I have always held—and always shall—that a more objectionable—and in many cases even cruel—method of offering employment would be hard to find.

Numerous men, in all parts of Great Britain, have been persuaded to pay money in this way to the British B.O.R.D. Oil, Ltd.

Many have met with grave disillusionment—have found it very hard to book orders, while some have even had difficulty in getting moneys due to them.

Utter gloom

One case in point is that of a man who, after parting with his cash, soon found that the rosy picture painted before the money changed hands turned to one of utter gloom almost immediately afterwards.

He told the company of his disappointment and demanded his money back. All the satisfaction he received was that the company would try to sell the "concession" he had bought!

He is still without any offers, and the advice he obtained from solicitors he finally consulted was to the effect that, as the company was in such a precarious position, he would be throwing good money after bad to take it to court.

Another man, an ex-naval officer, met with a similar fate, and had not been working his "concession" long before he came across a further investor in the same area who likewise could not obtain a penny by way of redress and was saddled with bills which the company repudiated!

It is small wonder that the British B.O.R.D. Oil, Ltd., has had such a lasting range of "concessions," when its business has been conducted in this fashion.

I must say that I am not surprised at the growing number of complaints, when I find that, though several individuals have interviewed clients at the Victoria Street offices, the promoter of the British B.O.R.D. Oil, Ltd., was a plausible fellow named Albert Cecil Aspinall.

Aspinall, who is a man of good presence, forceful and self-willed, and with a superabundance of ideas, likes to be known as "the man who sells Britain."

He christened himself this laughingly once when, with a huge map of Great Britain before him, he was showing a client what part of the country was left with "concessions" for sale.

Scores of tabs pinned to the map—which is always very much in evidence at the Victoria Street offices—denoted the various parts of the country that were already covered.

Aspinall excels in this sort of showmanship, and I am able to say that he has carried off previous schemes in a similarly light-hearted manner, and in some of which numerous honest men, possessing a little capital, have been heartlessly imposed upon.

One of his disastrous ventures, which Detective-Inspector Donaldson, of Scotland Yard, and several provincial officers have been investigating, was called the British Tyre Service, Ltd.

Its headquarters were in The Haymarket, London, S.W., and—conducted in an almost identical fashion to the present concern—it had branches and local managers and agents in all parts of the country.

The aim of the British Tyre Service, Ltd., was to sell, not highly-graded oil, but a composition which was supposed to make tyres puncture proof.

It was not popular, but the various agents and local managers, who put sums ranging from £100 to £400 into the business to get employment, did not discover this until they tried to sell it!

It was not long, under Aspinall's delightful guidance, before more than £32,000 had been wrung from members of the public, and I regret to say that over £12,000 of this came from investor-employees, who hoped to gain lasting and remunerative employment in return for their money.

Even when complaints were snowing him under, as his victims realised more and more that they had been caught in a clever snare, Aspinall showed no outward concern. In fact, some of the dupes who sought to interview him were ordered from the premises!

He maintained his air of complete indifference right up to the last, and in due course the Haymarket offices were visited by bailiffs who entered and seized everything for debt.

Man I warned

I had a personal experience of this latter venture when an unfortunate ex-officer called upon me at my country house, begging me to allow him to fill the tyres of my cars with composition.

I told him that, in my opinion, the scheme was foredoomed to failure.

He sorrowfully confessed to me that he had put all his savings into this venture and his living depended upon his securing orders.

Reverting to the British B.O.R.D. Oil, Ltd., I find there have been two recent developments. One is Aspinall's resignation from the directorate; the other is the appointment of a receiver on behalf of the debenture holders.

Actually he was himself previously an official of the company, and was appointed by yet another director who, with Aspinall, was jointly associated with another concern formed to sell concessions!

In all these circumstances, I hope that people who have parted with money will take every possible step to safeguard their interests at once.

THE TRUTH ABOUT LEG TROUBLES

PLAIN WORDS TO SUFFERERS

By "VERAX"

If you are a Bad Leg Sufferer, then do me the honour to read my remarks below. Every word is true, and gives sound advice to you. I write of a famous TREATMENT for leg troubles, which is a thoroughly genuine treatment and carried out by genuine people.

Under this treatment unsuitable or incurable cases are not accepted.

WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS CASES REPRESENTING FEES EQUAL TO £20,000 (TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS) HAVE BEEN REFUSED ACCEPTANCE RATHER THAN SUPPLY THE TREATMENT TO CASES WHICH WERE NOT CONSIDERED SUITABLE.

Documentary proof of this fact can be seen by anyone interested. This statement being absolutely true furnishes the best evidence possible of the sterling character of the Treatment. BOYD CABLE, the well-known AUTHOR and TRAVELLER, after an exhaustive study of the facts, says of the Tremol Treatment:

"This Treatment is an honest and proved method of cure, and those administering it are doing good humane work where it is most needed, and are entitled to all recognition of their success."

Thousands who are now cured of all leg suffering are ready to endorse this opinion of the famous author.

My advice to you is: Do not let your own leg trouble become incurable. Read on, and write for the Book mentioned below, which tells you all about the Tremol Treatment and how your leg can be made well now—before it is too late. The Book is price 3s. 6d., but is sent free to sufferers.

CONSIDER THAT OPEN WOUND ON YOUR LEG. What of it? Don't tinker with it. Don't waste time and money and suffer needless pain. Do not let a wound which commences small as a pin-prick become as large as your hand. A small sore on your hand or arm may easily heal. Not so when it is on your leg. A leg ulcer, however small, is a sign of internal blood pressure. Under this pressure the veins have given way and the ulcer has formed. This pressure will continue—the surrounding veins will keep on breaking down and the ulcer become larger and larger unless you adopt the correct treatment. A word to the wise is sufficient. Write for the Book and find out for yourself how to treat your leg.

Need I describe the almost ceaseless day and night torture that comes with a leg wound or ulcer? No one can describe it. The suffering is often beyond words. You know it all. To still the pain and heal the wound everything is tried. Warm dressings and cold poultices, Lotions, Ointments, Resting and Medicines, but it is all in vain. Well-meant advice from a hundred sources fails to bring relief! What must the sufferer do? I will tell you. There is one way in which you surely can heal that ulcer. Write for the Book and you will know how. The Book is free to you.

THOSE PSORIASIS AND ECZEMA PATCHES: What of them? The state of the blood and defective circulation is the cause of those skin patches. Those scaly eruptions on the knees and shins, that irritable weeping raw Varicose Eczema below the knee and round the ankle; the itching, irritation, burning, and smarting, and the intolerable daily annoyance. Get rid of all this, have done forever with this irritation and annoyance. Get a new clean skin that functions naturally and healthily same as you used to have. To do this is both plain and easy. The Book tells you how, and costs you nothing to get it. Write to-day.

PERHAPS YOU SUFFER FROM VARICOSE WEEPING ECZEMA? The pathological process is as follows: Owing to the congestion of blood in the surface veins of the leg the skin becomes red and inflamed. The threadlike surface veins and cells rupture under this congestion and discharge a watery fluid. This is weeping Eczema. Prior to this weeping the itching, irritation and burning have been intense owing to pent-up fluid under the skin irritating the nerve endings. The leg goes on weeping, and with the escape of fluid the itching and irritation become relieved. The escaped fluid dries and forms scales on the skin. These scales seal up the pores of the skin. More fluid accumulates under the sealed-up skin, and the terrible itching and irritation begin once more. This is only relieved when the vessels and cells burst again through the eczematous skin. Such is a typical case of weeping Varicose Eczema, and perhaps is your case. If so, you must get cured. Sign the Coupon below and get the Book.

THOSE VARICOSE VEINS.—The dangers from Varicose Veins are Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Eczema, Rupture of the Vein Walls and Hæmorrhage. The stages in the development of Varicose Veins are: (1) Simple Dilatation, (2) Loss of elasticity, (3) Dilatation in all directions, (4) Shrinkage and atrophy of the Vein Valves, (5) Thrombosis with swelling ulceration, or Varicose Eczema. If neglected, Varicose Veins become incurable. Then the greatest specialist in the world could not cure them. They cannot be cured by operation, for if they are cut out the other veins, having more work to do, will become varicosed, too. They cannot be cured by injections, because unfortunately the hopes based upon injection treatment have not been realised. In the majority of cases the veins again canalise and the treatment involves risk of Thrombosis, Ulceration and Eczema. Also injections do not relieve the internal venous congestion which is the cause of the Varicose Veins. Sufferers from Varicose Veins should take the trouble in time. Treat the veins while they retain their elasticity and contractile power. Get the Book and learn how. It is free to you if you suffer from Varicose Veins.

A WORD ABOUT THOSE SWOLLEN LEGS OF YOURS, which you think look so unsightly. They are almost too painful and heavy to drag along. What do they indicate? Fluid has accumulated in the deeper tissues, and thus caused the swelling. Under excessive blood pressure the internal vein walls or cells have become thin or collapsed and fluid from the blood has infiltrated through the membrane walls and accumulated in the tissues, thus causing the leg to swell. Very soon the swollen leg will be at bursting point and may easily result in a very bad leg. You should get those swollen legs cured before it is too late. But how? That is the question. You must get at the root of the cause. The Book tells you how you can cure your swollen leg at home in comfort and with ease. Write for it to-day and read it.

A limited number of copies of this interesting Book with all particulars of the Treatment will be sent free to sufferers. If you suffer from BAD LEGS, LEG ULCERS or WOUNDS, PSORIASIS or ECZEMA PATCHES, WEEPING VARICOSE ECZEMA, VARICOSE VEINS, SWOLLEN LEGS or any other form of leg trouble, write to-day before the books are exhausted.

Sign the Coupon below and get the Book. If your case is a curable one the Book will tell you how it can be cured.

Address your letter to Superintendent, National College of Health, Ward B.L., Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

FREE COUPON **Ward BL**

***ADDRESS*:—NATIONAL COLLEGE OF HEALTH,**
Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

Please send valuable Book and all particulars of Treatment free of charge.

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(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

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State Complaint .....

National College of Health, Ltd.

DRAMA of Persecuted SON

Henry Jordan must be saved from the inhuman fate designed for him

DEEP anger and profound sympathy were aroused in Britain six years ago by what was known as the Martyrdom of George Jordan.

The anger was inspired by the cruel criminal branding and then the tragic death of a man of immaculate character, following an appalling series of blunders by the authorities.

The sympathy was for Jordan's widow and nine children when the Home Office refused to listen to the public demand that a posthumous free pardon should be granted so that the family would be free of the ignominy of their father having been classed as a criminal.

This demand was voiced at the time in almost every important newspaper and at public meetings of protest, but officialdom callously ignored both it and the exposure of the scandalous negligence which provoked the storm.

There has just been an astonishing sequel to the shameful affair. For no valid reason the authorities have now decided to seize the late George Jordan's twelve-year-old son, Henry, and to put him in a lunacy institution nearly two hundred miles away from his home.

War-wreck

Great as was the outcry when the father died six years ago, it will be surpassed in volume and horror if they dare to lay hands upon and make his innocent child a captive.

The tragedy of Henry's father, which it is necessary fully to recall, began after the war, when he was discharged from the Royal Marines in consequence of wounds

George Jordan, a non-commissioned officer, had served twelve years with the Marines and was terribly mutilated by shellfire when with the Royal Naval Division in France.

His body from head to foot was peppered by shrapnel and for weeks he was completely unconscious.

Piece by piece at many operations the shell fragments were extracted until only one was left.

It was a shrapnel ball which had penetrated to the middle of his brain. The surgeons found that it could not even be touched without the certainty of causing death.

Paralysed, maimed, and practically helpless, Jordan was eventually sent out of hospital—one of the saddest examples of physical wreckage left by the war.

Useless to him was a discharge certificate from the Royal Marines testifying to his splendid character and ability.

Almost equally useless was his pension award. It was 11s. 5d. weekly to maintain him, his wife and children.

For a long time the family—who live at 61, Burlington Road, Polygon, Southampton—tried hopelessly to subsist upon this mean allowance. Then the facts began to be known and influential protests led to reconsideration of the case.

A frightful mistake, it was found, had been made. Jordan was immediately reclassified as wholly disabled and awarded a 100 per cent. pension.

No one listened

But there had been another and even worse blunder which no attempt was made to rectify.

Jordan was insane in consequence of the shrapnel bullet in his brain.

He had been in that condition since he left hospital. He should never have been given his freedom.

His mind was confused. He was violent and repeatedly threatened murder and suicide. He knew nothing afterwards of any assault or menacing act which he committed

The poor stricken fellow would on occasions disappear for long periods and be found at the other end of the country.

He had no knowledge of his whereabouts or what he was doing, but sometimes, it was known, he had attacked people whom he had casually met on his aimless wanderings

These facts were known to the authorities. Jordan's wife pleaded to have him given proper care and treatment. No one listened.

Twice her husband was arrested far from his home for attempting to strangle people in railway trains and was sentenced to terms of imprisonment. She wrote each time to the magistrate or judge explaining his pathetic plight, but her letters apparently never reached those for whom they were intended.

At one trial where he was brought up for an assault of this kind, Mrs. Jordan travelled to the assize court with money to engage counsel to tell the true story to the judge and with medical certificates and other documents to prove it in the witness-box.

She was told to take a seat in a corridor of the court. She waited there all day. They forgot about her.

When night came she learned that her husband had been put in the dock hours ago and, without a word of explanation having been spoken on his behalf, had been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

But that sentence was not served. An intelligent prison doctor saw at once that Jordan was insane and communicated the fact to the authorities.

They took him out of prison and put him in—of all places for a war-broken man—a criminal lunatic asylum.

From this asylum he was even allowed to go to his home at week-ends.

On one such visit he bought poison and committed suicide in the street.

Now—his son

In stern language the Southampton coroner condemned the years of bungling by which Jordan and his family had been made to suffer so cruelly.

"By reason of his war service," he said, "this man underwent injuries which made him assume the attributes of a criminal, whereas he was a splendid, honest man. It is one of the saddest and hardest cases in the history of the court."

Commenting on the extraordinary fact that even the judges who sentenced Jordan had not had the truth made known to them, the coroner declared that representations should be made to the highest authorities so that the stigma of crime could be completely removed.

No heed was paid.

Now, six years afterwards, the dead man's son, Henry, is to be made the victim of official persecution.

When his father died an appeal was made to the authorities to arrange for this child's education. They sent him to a charity home. Two years ago Mrs. Jordan, who was not satisfied with the progress he made there, was able to get Henry home.

Immediately she did so the authorities intervened by certifying him and sending him to a place for mental defectives and feeble-minded people.

Their reason was that he wrote badly and was slow in counting!

But they also found another excuse. They pointed to the fact that Henry's father had been insane and an inmate of a criminal lunatic asylum.

They spoke about "heredity."

This was the crowning insult upon the family and memory of the dead war victim. It was monstrous to suggest that madness caused by a bullet in the brain was a family taint.

The widowed mother pleaded to be spared this final disgrace. She undertook to have Henry educated at a private school, but authority was deaf to her cries.

Save him!

And now authority means to excel all its past outrages. Without consulting Mrs. Jordan, without an order of any court, it has ordered the mother to deliver her son this month into captivity at a lunacy institution near Birmingham, two hundred miles from home.

Graciously she has been informed that on occasions she will be allowed to visit him—if she pays the fare for the four hundred-mile journey.

Henry Jordan is a fine specimen of boyhood. He is tall, strong, healthy, proficient in sports, alert, and intelligent.

His only deficiency is the nature of the education he was given at the charity school which the authorities thought good enough for the son of a war hero whom they had so disgracefully treated.

The family doctor bears testimony to these things but the authorities seem determined to make the boy an asylum prisoner.

No tragedy of the Great War can have had such terrible consequences or been accompanied by such acts of official tyranny.

Henry Jordan must be saved from the inhuman fate designed for him.

FOUR MORE DAYS!

We would remind our readers that only four more days remain in which to accept JOHN BULL'S Great Presentation Offer. Applications for these magnificent Pen and Pencil Sets must be posted not later than January 15. Only four more days! Your last chance! Seize it now. **Turn to page 2.**

A CROOK'S Cat's-paw

HERE is an unusual little story—that of a good man who, in his first business venture, went criminally wrong.

Until recently there was operating in City Road, London, E.C., a firm of manufacturers, general merchants and shippers.

The leading light was a man named Walter George Burton, who, following a University education, had a very distinguished military career.

He first entered the fields of commerce a few months ago.

When Burton took over the premises in City Road he provided excellent references, and, in the same way, when later ordering goods from firms in all parts of the country his credentials were equally convincing.

Having regard to these facts, it is not surprising that the accounts of Walter George Burton were all met—at first. Then a remarkable change occurred.

Clients of the newly formed company found it difficult to get payment, and, though various excuses were made as time passed, matters went swiftly from bad to worse.

When thousands of pounds were due to creditors, and police officers were calling quite frequently at the City Road offices for explanations respecting complaints they were receiving from all parts of the country, Burton suddenly disappeared.

Not long after this the bailiffs were put into possession for rent and other debts, and they discovered an amazing state of affairs.

What stock Burton had left behind in the haste of his flight was of little value, while the only books of account available were found in a terribly mutilated state.

Investigations into the affairs of this company reveal that Mr. Burton was only the scapegoat for a number of hardened rogues who, well known to Scotland Yard, traded upon his ignorance of the commercial world and upon his good reputation to further their own ends.

One is a notorious rogue who is well known as a "background" crook who engineers credit frauds through trusting dummies.

Associated with him in this swindle were several men who have criminal records.

The police are now seeking to bring these men to book.

We hope that they succeed, not only because the arrest of these rogues would bring some consolation to their victims, but because they merit punishment all the more for escorting an honest man in the criminal path.

A TEACUP Tragedy

AN early morning cup of tea has been the cause of a great tragedy in the home of one of our readers.

Mrs. Bour, of Downloe, Buckwins Estate, Billericay, was in the habit of making tea in her bedroom on an oil-stove.

One morning, after turning down the stove, she left the room and busied herself downstairs.

A few minutes later she was horrified to see an ominous glare and clouds of smoke proceeding from the bedroom window.

Hurrying upstairs with pail of water, she tried to extinguish the flames, but the fierce heat drove her back. She then raised the alarm, but by the time the fire brigade arrived the Fire Demon had done its worst. Precious possessions were now nothing more than charred remains.

And the cause? On that fateful morning the stove was placed too near the window. A draught fanned the flame, which ignited the hangings on the bed.

To the husband, who is a registered reader, JOHN BULL has sent a cheque, paid under our Great Free Family Insurance Gift. The actual amount payable was £95, but because he was a "Plus" reader, that is to say, registered for more than three months, JOHN BULL sent a cheque for £104 10s., which includes the "Plus" reader's 10 per cent Bonus.

Practical Help

The letter acknowledging the cheque says: "An ounce of help is worth a ton of pity. Where pity would be of no avail, your cheque will build a new home."

A draught playing on an oil-stove—a spark from the grate—a smouldering cigarette-end . . it takes a very little thing to start a huge conflagration. JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to cover the home against Fire Register now on the forms below. Against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS and ACCIDENT, JOHN BULL covers you FREE!

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 13/1/34

CUT HERE

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I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

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Use ½d. stamp Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 13/1/34

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So confident are the proprietors of "LACTOPEPTINE"—a marvellous natural remedy for indigestion, gastric troubles, stomach pains, flatulence, heartburn, etc.—that they invite every reader of "John Bull" to accept a generous trial bottle free. There is no obligation or charge attached to this free offer. Simply send a postcard to the address in the "Lactopeptine" announcement on page 29, and to ensure prompt receipt of the sample bottle be sure to mention "John Bull" when sending your application. Write now, while you think of it!

3 SPECIAL BOURNVILLE COCOA GIFTS FOR YOU

— if you use the voucher below

A gift for Mother.

A useful shopping Basket made by St. Dunstan's Institute for the Blind from British-grown willow, fitted with strong cane handle. Send 24 coupons from Bournville Cocoa and Voucher below.
GIFT No. 691.
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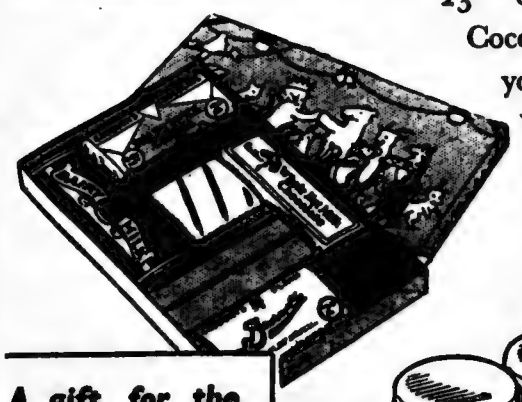


A gift for the Children.

Cadbury's Selection Box containing an assortment of 2d. Fancy Chocolate pieces and Milk and Plain chocolate. Gaily coloured, hidden picture puzzle lid. Send 9 coupons from Bournville Cocoa and Voucher below.

GIFT No. 693.
10 COUPONS.

A gift for the Kitchen

A set of 4 strongly-made tin-plate Kitchen Canisters on Metal Rack for fixing to wall or inside cupboard. Cheerful orange finish. Send 23 coupons from Bournville Cocoa and Voucher below.

GIFT No. 692. 24 COUPONS.

Here are three Special Free Gifts which Cadburys are offering to readers of this journal in exchange for Bournville Cocoa Coupons. And below is a Voucher which enables you to take advantage of this offer. This Voucher (which counts as one ordinary coupon) must be sent with your application for any of these gifts. Thus, for the set of Kitchen Canisters (24 coupons) you send 23 coupons from Bournville Cocoa and the Voucher. Select your Gift and cut out the Voucher *now*.

VOUCHER FOR THESE GIFTS ONLY

Please send me Kitchen Canisters, Shopping Basket, Cadbury Selection Box. (Strike out Gifts *not* required.)

I enclose.....coupons from Bournville Cocoa.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

67
13/1/34

This Voucher counts as one ordinary coupon. Only one Voucher will be accepted, but if you apply for more than one gift it counts as one coupon towards each gift. Send it, in 1½d. stamped envelope, with balance of coupons from Bournville Cocoa to: Cadbury, Gift Department, Bournville.

This offer applies to the United Kingdom only and not to the Irish Free State.

Scenes from two great British films, "I Was a Spy" and "The Private Life of Henry VIII." Terry optimistically prophesies as great a success for his own films

NOTORIOUS FINANCIER'S LATEST RAMP

Another FILM WORLD Scandal

TO make money in film productions is a simpler task than shelling peas, according to get-rich-quick financiers who seek assistance for their schemes from the investing public.

Horace Terry, of the St. James Trust, Financial Partners, Ltd., which is housed at Princes House, Piccadilly, London, must be placed in this category.

He is now concerned with the financing of First Feature Films, Ltd., of Wardour Street, London, which he describes as his latest "Specific Transaction."

In his circular letter, which has been widely distributed, he explains "Specific Transaction" as "the advance of capital for a specific purpose, repayable with a guaranteed profit at a given date."

In this particular instance both capital and guaranteed profit will be repaid on or before June 30, 1934.

It appears that all moneys subscribed to this "specific transaction" will be advanced by Financial Partners, Ltd., to First Feature Films, Ltd., for the purpose of financing the first series of feature films "on a mass production basis" for world-wide distribution.

Ambitious nonsense

Mass production applied to films by a concern which requires only £25,000 capital is a somewhat ambitious idea, which is not taken too seriously by people in the trade.

But Horace Terry hastens to add to potential clients that the sum of £7,500 is ample for immediate requirements. He does not, however, explain what this sum is ample for. Surely not for the production of feature films on a "mass production basis"?

Investors are asked to subscribe sums in units of £10 and multiples thereof, and they are guaranteed the repayment of moneys subscribed on or before June 30, 1934.

In addition, they will receive a guaranteed profit of £1 per £10 unit.

But this is not all! Terry states that it is estimated that each £10 unit will become entitled to further participation on bonus terms of £3 per unit, commencing after the film's release.

No details

This is the first mention of a definite production; but this reference is rather vague, as the title of the film, production manager, actors and actresses and other rather important details are not mentioned.

Yet this nameless venture should prove a world-beater which will force Hollywood film magnates to rub their eyes in astonishment, since subscribers are promised a possible £4 profit for investing £10 over a short period!

Search of the files at Somerset House shows that First Feature Films, Ltd., has not yet been registered, nor is this new organisation known in Wardour Street.

Terry, doubtless with the idea of whetting the appetite of potential investors, is sending out with his circulars an attractively printed booklet entitled "A Beautiful Picture."

In this booklet the success of such films as "The Private Life of Henry VIII.," "Rome Express," "Bitter Sweet," "The Wandering Jew," "I was a Spy," and other super-productions are mentioned as proof that Great Britain intends to become the "world centre of the film industry."

A graceful tribute is paid to such well-known stars as Charles Laughton, Gracie Fields, Jack Buchanan, Tom Walls, Anna Neagle, and others.

There is, according to Financial Partners, Ltd., a great opportunity for the independent film producer who can create "British films by mass production." It is truly "a beautiful picture."

All you have to do, according to the leaflet, is to observe the following rules:—

(*a*) Get the best title;
(*b*) Get the best story;
(*c*) Get the best director;
(*d*) Get the best stars.

All this should prove quite simple to the projected company, First Feature Films, Ltd., with its capital of £25,000, of which the sum of £7,500 is ample for immediate requirements.

So Financial Partners, Ltd., with Horace Terry at its head, sets out hopefully to provide finance for the new film concern—with other people's money.

Seldom have we read of such transparent nonsense.

It is interesting to recall that in August of last year Terry was circularising a similar "specific transaction" which was to finance the production of a film by Anglo-American Talking Films (Elstree), Ltd.

This film, entitled "Gala Night," was to be an adaptation of P. G. Wodehouse's successful novel, "Mulliner Nights."

The sum that Terry asked for on this occasion was £5,000, again in £10 units, with a guaranteed profit of £1 per unit, and more to follow.

Directors resign

Reverting to the past activities of Horace Terry, it is only necessary to add that Financial Partners, Ltd., is an offspring of the St. James Trust, of which he is managing director.

It was registered in March, 1933, with a nominal capital of £100 in £1 shares, to carry on business as capitalists, promoters, financial agents, etc.

Preliminary expenses amounted to £25, leaving the company with a balance of £75 with which to embark on the treacherous seas of finance.

Sir Walter Peacock was appointed a director on March 15, 1933, but resigned on July 19, 1933.

The Rt. Hon. Viscount Selby was appointed a director on July 19, 1933, but he resigned within a month.

The latest return shows that the directors of the Financial Partners, Ltd., still include Horace Terry.

The slender financial resources of Horace Terry's concerns appear even more interesting when studied in connection with earlier film offers.

Last Spring he was circularising the unfortunate investors of a disastrous £350,000 film company (which, incidentally, had been very severely criticised in these columns during its career) urging them to support him in a scheme to "recoup themselves."

Certain new film companies, he confided, had some first-rate contracts, but lacked not only the necessary finance to exploit them, but the essential knowledge of how to raise it!

So his generous plan was to give the people who had been badly bitten in the £350,000 venture the chance to "accommodate" these new concerns—which had somehow managed to secure first-rate contracts without funds—"and to redeem your losses out of their profits."

Such balderdash needs no comment.

With regard to Terry's latest brainwave, the financing of First Feature Films, Ltd., we can only urge investors who have received his "promising" literature to put it on the fire.

Homely Wisdom by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Are Prayers Answered?

HERE, word for word, is a letter I have received this morning from someone I do not know.

"Can you tell me why it is that prayer seems so useless in my life? I have always been taught to believe in it; and some really good people have told me that they have proved the benefit of it and could not do without it. But I have not found it so. I get no help from it and have no one near here to whom to go for comfort and advice. Our clergyman is a talker, and if I were to tell him my trouble it would soon be known all over the town. I see other people getting all they want in life, though I am quite sure they never give a thought to anyone but themselves. Why am I left to struggle on without the slightest sign that there is anyone to care about me or to hear when I pray?"

This is a touching plea, notwithstanding the sharp little criticism of the local clergyman and the severe judgment passed on some of the writer's more fortunate neighbours. I am sorry that any clergyman should be given to tittle-tattle and unworthy to be trusted by a person in sorrow.

There is no more essential qualification for a parish priest than discretion; people should be able to rely on him as a friend who will not only listen sympathetically to a confidence but preserve it inviolate.

As to whether any persons get all they want in life, without deserving it, I am sceptical. I admit that it often does seem as if persons with few scruples of conscience manage to secure their own advantage where others fail; but I do not think my correspondent quoted above would like to change places with them.

* * *

And, after all, we cannot possibly know what another heart has to bear in the way of disappointment and pain.

In answer to the question stated, which is a very common one, let me say to the sender and to all who feel like him: You are helped more than you think. Use the power and guidance you already have and you will get more of both. Every fervent wish sent out in the shape of prayer brings its due response.

If in faith we put it to the test we shall find ourselves sustained and carried forward to mastery over our difficulties.

It is a wonderful story, for instance, that is told in the Bible about Moses and his motley host of emancipated slaves when their way of escape from cruel bondage was barred by the Red Sea. They were penned up at a place called Migdol, between the pursuing army of the King of Egypt and the seemingly impassable stretch of waters in front.

They started praying for deliverance, and the answer that came to the intrepid leader was: "Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel and they go forward."

Forward they went and sure enough discovered a way through, which their enemies knew nothing about or entered too late. I have seen with my own eyes the spot where this crossing is said to have taken place. There are signs that it was formerly a tidal marsh. With a good guide and a stout heart it could be forded even in the dark.

* * *

Is not life often like this? We find ourselves in a tight place and cry for help and relief. Nothing happens, and we think our prayer is denied. But is it? When we gird up our loins and go forward with undaunted courage the hindrance gives way and the triumph is won.

Sir HERBERT SAM

The ex-Home

writes

specially

The Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Samuel, G.C.B., G.B.E., M.P.

I DROVE out from New York along one of the great motor parkways, travelling at a high speed, as the American custom is; in about an hour and a half we reached Sing Sing, the principal prison of the State of New York. The strange name is an American-Indian word meaning the "Heap of Stones."

We went first for luncheon to the house of the Warden—the Governor as we should call him. The house is newly built, an attractive residence, with a charming garden, and stands, outside the prison walls, on a cliff overlooking the broad Hudson River.

That day happened to be the anniversary of the Warden's wedding. There were many flowers in the dining-room.

I had my first introduction to the spirit that prevails in Sing Sing when, on expressing my admiration of one of the finest of the baskets of splendid flowers, I was told that it had been presented to the Warden, in honour of the occasion, by "the boys down below," that is, by the men in the prison.

2,000 inmates

My second was when I learnt incidentally that the efficient and well-mannered person who waited upon us at lunch was also one of the prisoners.

At the bottom of the hill and rising up the slope are the great blocks of prison buildings within their formidable walls. The prison is for men only. The "inmates," as they are called, number 2,200. Two-thirds are first offenders. About one-fifth are serving sentences of ten years or longer; two hundred are serving twenty years or longer. The "guards" number about 400, and, judging by appearance, they are a good type of men.

* * *

The standard of accommodation varies greatly. The newer blocks of buildings are good, while there is an old block which is exceedingly bad.

In the newer buildings the cells are fairly roomy. But in the old block, where there are about 400 men, each cell has the very minimum of space, and is just high enough to allow a man to stand. The floor holds a narrow bed, of usual length, along one wall, and there is only about a foot between the side of the bed and the other wall. The further end of this narrow space is occupied by a water-closet and wash-basin.

There is no window in the cell; a gate of iron bars looks on to a broad passage; high up along this passage are windows opening on to the outer air. And each of these small cages contains not one man, but two! There is a second bed over the first, like the bunks in a ship's cabin.

In such quarters these four hundred men are locked in for 11½ hours out of the twenty-four in summer, for 14¼ hours in winter, day after day, month after month, often year after year.

Their bank balance

This block of buildings has been condemned repeatedly during the last thirty years. The heating and ventilating have been improved, but no steps have been taken to replace the building and to pull it down. I have visited many prisons, in England and in other countries, but this block of cells is the worst-planned and most overcrowded that I have ever seen.

* * *

Having said that, I have no other serious criticism to make. In other respects, the prison is modern and its methods humane. Indeed, the greater part of it is more like a vast up-to-date industrial establishment than a place of detention.

There are shops for wood-working and for tin-ware, shops for making hosiery and underclothing, for boot-making and for a variety of other trades. More than eight hundred men work daily at these industries, earning from 2½d. to 1s. 3d. a day. Half of this money is saved for them, and handed to them in a lump sum when they leave; the other half can be spent as they like in the prison. About nine hundred men are employed in the work of the prison itself.

There is no rigid discipline such as prevails in British prisons. The men, when not actually at work or in the cells, stroll about very much as they choose. They wear no uniform, but are dressed in grey trousers, white shirts and black shoes, and can provide their own clothing if they wish. They smoke, write letters, read the daily papers.

In the cells they have their books, and, where there is room, photographs of family or friends. There is wireless, with earphones, in the cells, and there are loudspeakers in other parts of the buildings.

On the radio

On the afternoon when I was there one of the principal baseball matches of the year was being played in New York. The whole country was profoundly interested in it, and not least the prisoners in Sing Sing, all of whom, who were able to do so, listened in to the description of the match as it was broadcast from the field.

* * *

Athletics are fully catered for. In the recreation grounds football and baseball teams were practising. Matches are arranged with clubs in the neighbouring towns—but, for obvious reasons, they are all home matches!

For the hard winter, when outdoor games are not possible, provision is now being made by the building, by prison labour, of a large covered stadium for gymnastics and indoor games.

There is a largely attended school, teaching a variety of subjects; a course in modern business is among them.

The store, selling a great variety of goods, is an important feature of the establishment. There is excellent hospital accommodation, the surgery has an up-to-date X-ray equipment, and a dentist is in constant attendance.

The cost of the establishment is heavy in comparison with our standards. I was informed that the taxpayers of New York State have to find 450 dollars a year for every man in Sing Sing—that is about 35s. a week, nearly twice as much as the average cost in the prisons of Great Britain.

* * *

The place has about it an air of cheerful casualness. The Warden, Major Lawes, who is well known, not only in America but throughout the world, as a leader in prison reform, has been in control for the last twelve years and has impressed his own ideas upon it.

The note of sternness, rigidity, suppression, which is normal in prisons elsewhere, appears to be entirely absent here. So far as a visitor can judge, everyone—among the inmates and the guards alike—seems to be hail-fellow-well-met with everyone else. Yet it is still a prison. And it has to be made deterrent, and not attractive, to people of criminal type, of whom the City and State of New York produce great numbers.

A convict in his cell at Sing Sing Prison. He has a soft bed, a writing-table, a wash basin, radio headphones and—a dressing-gown

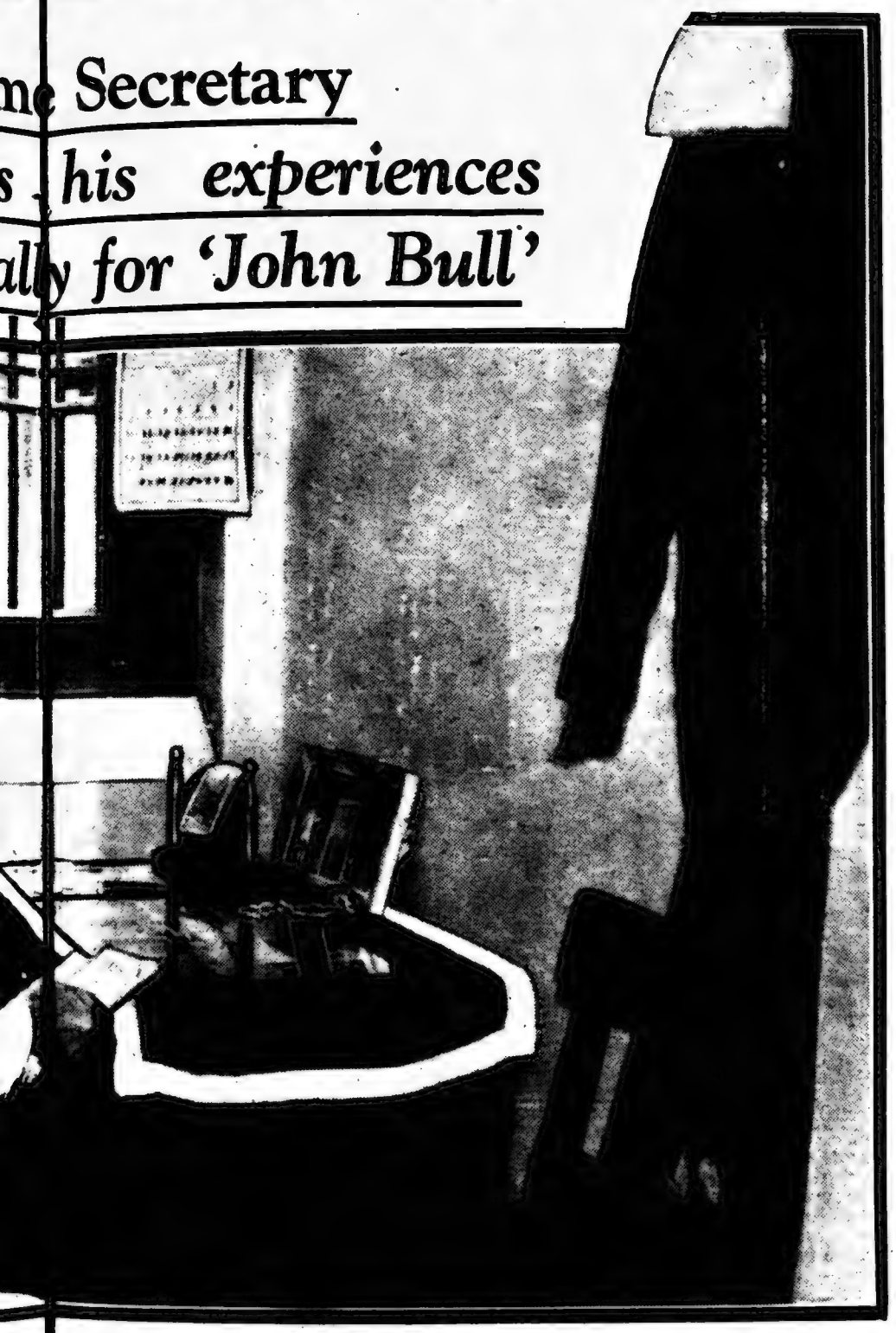
The deterrence is in the length of the sentences. Many of them appear to us to be very long. The light conditions of prison life are counterbalanced by the length of the imprisonment. Whether it is better for a criminal to be kept in prison for, say, three years under easy conditions or for one year under strict conditions is a moot point. Both the criminal and the taxpayer may have views with regard to it, and their views may well coincide.

* * *

Yes, Sing Sing is still a prison, for all its easy-going, cheery atmosphere. And the "inmates" have

...UEL *in* SING SING

...e Secretary ...s his experiences ...ally for 'John Bull'



frequent occasion to remember that in New York State, with a population of about twelve millions, there are more than ten cases of homicide, of one form or another, every week.

Capital punishment is the law in New York, as it is in forty out of the forty-eight States in the Union; but in America the standard of detection, and of certainty of punishment, is very low compared with the conditions here.

A judicial witness from America, giving evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Capital Punishment in 1930, stated the facts embodied in the criminal statistics in the following terms:

> "If one, with premeditation, commits a murder in the United States, if he is careful, the chances are 6 to 1 that he will never be arrested; 12 to 1 that he will never be convicted; and 120 to 1 that he will never die for his crime."

Whether capital punishment is approved or not—and I am one of those who hold that the world will not be fully civilised until we are able to dispense with it—all will agree that it is certainty of detection, of arrest and of punishment, whatever form that punishment may take, which is the best deterrent of crime.

"Death House"

Murderers are many in the State of New York; few among them are executed, but those few give work for the electric-chair in Sing Sing prison nearly once every fortnight. Not long ago there were eight executions in a single week.

There is a building there with the grim name of "the Death House." In it are confined, heavily guarded, the prisoners under capital sentence. There were eighteen there at the time of my visit, two of them women. But about one-half of these sentences are altered by the Court of Appeal, and a small proportion of the remainder, about five per cent., are reprieved by the Governor of the State.

I was informed that, in the normal course, it takes from six to nine months from the time when a death sentence is passed until the criminal gets his reprieve or goes to execution; he remains uncertain of his fate for all that time. In Great Britain the whole process of hearing by the Court of Criminal Appeal and consideration by the Home Secretary seldom takes more than a very few weeks.

* * *

One may pass out from the prison through a large aviary full of singing birds, carefully tended by one of the inmates. The prisoners stroll in and out of the aviary, possibly with some fellow-feeling for those other creatures, also confined within a cage.

The impression which one brings away from Sing Sing is chiefly one of kindliness, of a maximum of personal liberty consistent with any sort of detention, of a real desire to do the best for the individual delinquent. The old block of cells is the one bad blot on the establishment.

The weak point

Not many American prisons reach the standard of Sing Sing. I visited two in Chicago which were of a much lower order. It is well known that in a number of the States the penal establishments are bad. The terrible descriptions of prison life in Sinclair Lewis's recent novel "Ann Vickers," do not exaggerate, I am told, the conditions that are to be found in the more backward parts of the American Union.

It is, indeed, in this province of social action that America falls behind more than in any other. This wonderful people, so energetic, so efficient, so resolute, stands in the forefront of civilisation in many spheres—in invention and industry, in education and sanitation, in architecture, in philanthropy and in much else as well.

The weak point is crime—the ruthless, violent type of criminal that American cities produce; the comparative failure of the police systems to prevent the commission of crimes or to detect the perpetrators; the delays and weakness of the Criminal Courts in a number of the States; the overcrowded condition of many of the jails, the repressive methods that prevail in them, the absence of effective redeeming influences.

Sing Sing's example

Almost every thoughtful American one may meet will agree that the Penal Law and its administration is the weakest point in the America of to-day. Many of those with whom I have discussed it were content to ask, "But what can we do?"

It is the political system which prevails in the individual States; the laws that make judges elective and dependent for re-election upon popular approval, which itself depends upon not making enemies; and the reluctance of the taxpayers to allow money to be spent upon an object apparently so unproductive as the erection of new prison buildings—it is these factors which cause many who recognise the evil to despair of a remedy.

Yet I cannot believe that a nation so enlightened, progressive and far-seeing as the American will tolerate indefinitely evils that are obvious, evils that are admitted on all sides.

And although at Sing Sing there is one serious defect, and although, on the other hand, the spirit of leniency may have been carried there too far, still America herself, in that remarkable institution, has set for her many States an example for study and for imitation.

"The prisoners stroll in and out, watching these other creatures that are caged..." Sing-Sing's aviary

40 breakfasts for only 8½d.

Not just a cold cereal warmed with hot milk, but Quaker Oats freshly cooked and served hot—that's what you need to keep out the cold, to put warmth and energy in.

There is no food to equal oats, and Quaker Oats is milled from the world's finest. There's nothing so cheap so good—nothing so good so cheap as a Quaker Breakfast.

The large packet of Quaker Oats costing only 8½d. gives 40 delicious helpings. There are also smaller packets for 4d.

"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories—67

As Mr. Travers broke Cyril's gaze, the train pulled up with a shrieking of brakes!

THE BOY who Stopped Trains

I DON'T often travel in trains. I don't like them. I suppose, on the face of it, it sounds ridiculous to scorn this common method of transport, but since the tragedy I am about to relate I feel far safer and much more comfortable in a car.

However, the other day I was compelled to take the train from Brighton to be in London at a specific time. If I hadn't read a JOHN BULL Reader's Story on my way up to town, I doubt if ever I should have made public the strange story of my brother's death.

I found, as I read the last part of the story, that my eyes strayed automatically to the communication cord in the carriage—that little strip of chain that looks so commonplace but has meant so much in my life.

It recalled with a rush all the muddled incidents that led up to that tragic day, five years ago, when they brought my brother's body into Victoria Station on a stretcher.

There can be no doubt about it, my brother Cyril was hypnotic. The doctors who examined him from time to time were unanimous on that point.

THE first intimation we had of his abnormality was on his tenth birthday, when he was brought home by an official of the railway.

"Does this boy live here?" asked the official when I opened the door to him.

"Yes," I told him; "that's my brother."

"Then I want to see your father," said the man. "This kid's pulled the communication cord, and there's a penalty due to the company."

Of course, father paid up. There was nothing else he could do, but that night he had Cyril up "on the carpet." My brother could give no explanation for the incident, other than that he had felt "compelled" to pull the cord.

"But, man alive," argued my father, "if you're going to go around doing things like that, just because you feel 'compelled' to, where do you think you'll end up?"

However, the incident was soon forgotten, and life went on in its ordinary, everyday way. Then one day, about six months later, it happened again.

My father was furious. I remember he took Cyril into his study, and gave him a good talking to. But mother wasn't satisfied. She seemed to believe my brother's story. So much faith did she place in it, in fact, that she called in the family doctor to examine Cyril one day when father was out.

This doctor was not so conservative in his outlook as many might be in dealing with cases outside the ordinary ken.

"There can be very little doubt about it, Mrs. ——," he said, after he had subjected the kid to a series of tests; "your boy is hypnotic. It's not the sort of hynotism that renders a person aggressive—it's object hypnotism.

"Something that has made an impression on his mind can hold his gaze—one might almost say, place him in a semi-trance. This impulse that he feels compels him to pull a communication cord is the outcome of objective hypnotism.

"My advice is, keep him away from trains. It is impossible to cure anybody of this affliction. Time alone can be the healer, and I feel sure that, kept away from this 'influence,' you have little cause for worry."

And, for the time being, that was as far as the matter went.

IT took a long while to convince my father that Cyril could not really be blamed for his action.

"But I can't understand it," my father kept repeating. "The boy's healthy enough—heaven knows his family are! Hasn't he any will of his own? If we all allowed ourselves to be hypnotised, as you call it, by petty things that take our gaze, what a fine state of affairs the world would be in."

"We can but try it, dear," my mother told him quietly.

"Try it be darned," snapped my father. "He's got to be broken of it, the young whipper-snapper. Let him ride in as many trains as he likes, and you can tell him that if he does it again, there's a sound good hiding waiting for him."

I had a long talk with Cyril that evening. After all, I was his elder brother, and it was up to me to try and help him as much as I could.

"But I can't stop myself," insisted Cyril, when I tackled him on the subject. "It's awful, honest it is. I get quite scared. It seems to draw my gaze . . . draw me towards it. And then, before I know what I've done—oh, don't let's talk about it."

"We've got to talk about it," I insisted. "We've got to try and help you. If you let a small thing like that 'control' you, it might lead to worse things. You see that, don't you?"

WE talked far into the night, and when I finally left him, he had promised to try and overcome his "hypnotic" urges by making an enforced journey in a train the following day. I offered to accompany him, but he begged me not to.

"I can't go around with someone to look after me all my life," he argued.

We didn't tell mother about our plan, but I had arranged to be at the station waiting for Cyril when he arrived.

I'll never forget that wait as long as I live—wondering whether my brother would come back cured, or if he would be one more stage advanced in hypnosis.

When the train arrived, my eyes roved hurriedly down the carriages. A stream of people alighted. I picked my way among the throng, keeping a wary eye open for any sign of my brother. I couldn't see him anywhere.

And then, when the platform had almost cleared, he descended from the guard's van. He ran towards me when he caught sight of me.

"I couldn't help it, Ron; honest I couldn't," he cried, and tears were running unashamedly down his face. It seemed incredible that anybody could be so "controlled" as my brother undoubtedly was.

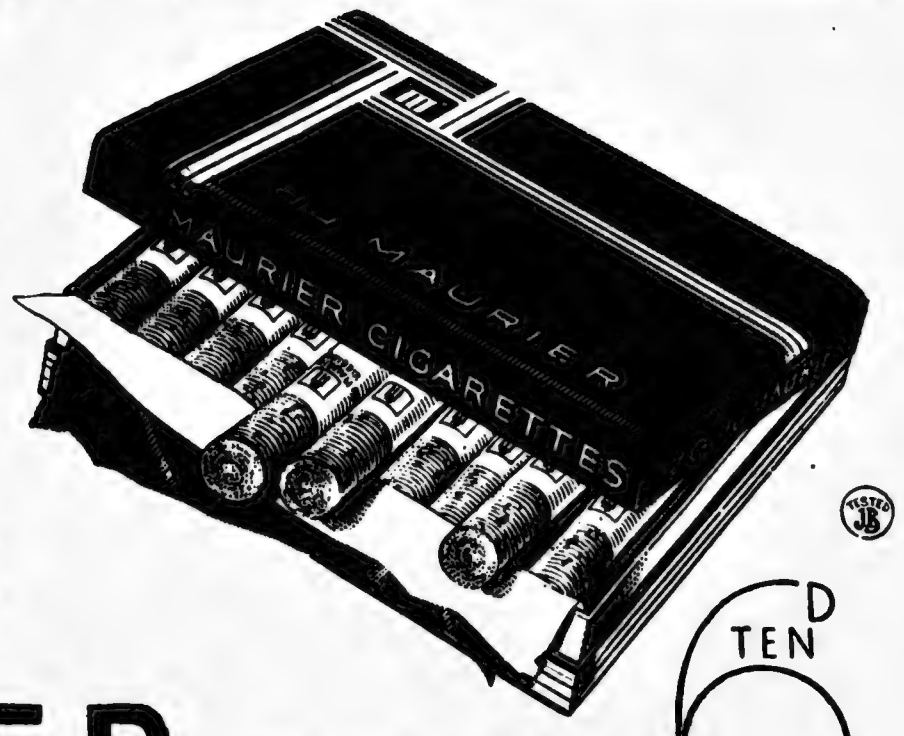
He told me that he had a splitting headache after each one of these "trances." As a matter of fact, he looked as white as death on that platform and I was quite scared.

The outcome was that Cyril was kept away from railways altogether. We never had any more trouble from him

(*Continued on page* 24)

Look at your fingers . . and think of your throat

Look at those stains—just think of your sensitive throat. Look at those stains—they are not nicotine. Nicotine has no colour and never caused a cough. Staining and coughing alike are due to tobacco tar, the hot, intensely irritant product of burning leaf . . . The filter tip of a du Maurier *traps tobacco tar.* Nicotine—volatile, subtle enchantment—is carried through in the cool, full-flavoured smoke. Smoke that is richer for being purer—better for being clean.



TEN

du MAURIER

The Cigarette with THE FILTER TIP

Irish Baby's Night Alarm

"Got a cold, Mummy; get the 'Vick.'" That is just what bright little Nuala said when she awakened, crying and coughing in the night, according to her mother, Mrs. Melber, "Conisbro'," Seatown Gardens, Dundalk. And Mrs. Melber promptly complied, with a good application of Vick brand Vapour-Rub on her daughter's throat and chest. She was not surprised to find the cold practically gone in the morning.

The double direct action of Vick brand Vapour-Rub—inhalation of medicated vapours to the inflamed air-passages, and stimulation through the skin like a poultice—will check most colds overnight. At all chemists, trial jar, 1/3; double quantity, 2/-.

VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

Here is HEALTH

Strong nerves—a healthy body and fresh, pure blood—that's what you need when you want to feel perfectly fit and strong. And that's exactly what Sanatogen will give you.

Rid yourself, once and for all, of weakness and nervous complaints by starting *to-day* a course of this world-famous nerve food.

SANATOGEN

The True Tonic Food

At all Chemists from 2/3 to 19/9.

Manufactured by GENATOSAN LTD., Loughborough.

Continuing THE BOY WHO STOPPED TRAINS

Was it Hypnotism?

at all. He had no hypnotic leaning towards any other object, and as the years passed by we all thanked God that he had been cured of his affliction.

On his twenty-first birthday, father called him up into the study.

"Listen, son," he said. "You're twenty-one now—you're a man, you've got a man's will. Are we going to have any more of this nonsense?'

Cyril smiled.

"I think I'm all right now," he said quietly. "Why, are you going to raise the ban on railways?"

"That's the tone I like to hear, son," said my father, putting his arm round him "You come into your own to-day, and may it bring you many happy returns."

There was no necessity for Cyril to entrain until a few days later, when he had to travel down to Lewes to meet some friends.

Little did I know when I saw him off at the station that it was the last time I should see him alive.

The rest of the story must be taken up by the gentleman who travelled down in the same carriage with Cyril. He told it at the inquest, but there was never very much fuss made about it, because the real facts were not made public.

It appears that Cyril had entered into conversation with him. There must have been some sort of fear in my brother's mind in spite of himself, because he requested the man to see to it that he, Cyril, did not allow his gaze to travel towards the communication cord.

The gentleman, a Mr. Travers, admitted that at the time he thought my brother was a little bit mad. Later, however, Cyril convinced him by telling him the story of his childhood affliction. Travers could not believe that this was the first time my brother had travelled in a train for ten years.

For the first two stations Mr. Travers said that the conversation was perfectly normal, although he admitted they touched on the subject of hynotism.

"He asked me if I believed in it," said Mr. Travers at the inquest. "I told him quite frankly I didn't. Then he told me the story of his childhood. Once during the journey I saw him glance almost casually at the cord. You might even say, he looked as though he was sort of testing himself.

"I remember warning him about it, semi-humorously. He laughed uneasily. Then, as far as I can remember, he said, 'I must try it out sometime'—or something like that. And I said, 'Well, you asked me to stop you!'

"There was a tunnel between the next two stations, and for some reason or other they didn't put on the lights in our carriage. When we emerged the other end into daylight, I had the shock of my life.

"THE young gentleman was changed beyond all recognition. His face was white and strained. His eyes were distended, and he was staring, as though hypnotised, at the communication cord.

"He tried to rise, but by this time I was thoroughly nervous. I pushed him back to his seat, and told him to steady himself, but he didn't appear to hear me."

Then Mr. Travers' story took a tragic turn.

He said he had told Cyril to muster up every ounce of strength he could.

"I told him the only possible way to help him was to break his gaze," Travers told the coroner. "I thought the best thing to do would be to bring my arm down sharply in front of his eyes. God forbid I should ever have to do such a thing again."

And now comes the incredible part of the whole affair. It seems hard to believe, even now, that such a horrible coincidence should occur. Only the grim reality of the fact that my brother lies buried in the Guildford cemetery allows me to believe the whole awful nightmare had not been a dream.

As Mr. Travers broke Cyril's gaze, the train pulled up with a shrieking of brakes.

Travers rushed to the window. The guard came running down the line, asking who had pulled the cord. Nobody had!

"Something has automatically put on the vacuum brakes," said the guard.

A thorough search of all the carriages failed to reveal a single communication cord that had been used. And then the driver solved the uncanny problem.

It appears that air had got into the vacuum brake—an occurrence that automatically applied them.

A grim joke of fate? Maybe it was. But it meant tragedy.

WHEN they entered my brother's compartment they found him sitting rigid, with his eyes fixed on the communication cord.

They spoke to him gently at first, and then, when he took no notice, the guard combed the train for a doctor. They finally found one, and he hurried to the compartment.

"I'm afraid, gentlemen," the doctor had said, "this young man is dead."

They diagnosed it as heart failure.

And so now, whenever I ride in a train, I invariably glance, half fearfully, towards the communication cord. It brings back ghastly memories, and with those memories comes the ever-present fear that perhaps the hypnotic trait is hereditary in our family—perhaps one day I, too, may suddenly find myself lapsing into some horrible coma of hypnotism.

It is a terrifying thought, and one that I try to keep right at the back of my mind.

That is why, unless business compels me to, I do not relish travelling in trains.

Readers' Stories

of 2,000 words are welcomed for this feature, and £10 10s. is paid for every manuscript accepted, if written in printable form.

Those who lack writing ability need not be discouraged, but should send a brief summary. If their tale is worth telling we will have it written in story form and pay the sender £2 2s. for the idea.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

EDINBURGH DAILY DISPATCH:—"He was sitting on the front innocently eating BUS out of a little black bag."

WESTERN MORNING NEWS:—"Only two years previously he had almost lost his life on the Behring Straits which separate AFRICA 'rom ASIA."

EASTERN EVENING NEWS:—"A fine of 2s 6d. was IMPROVED."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"The Bridlington lifeboat was LUNCHED to-day."

SOUTH WALES EVENING POST:—"Whitehall is preparing itself for BIG cuts."

THE DAILY MAIL:—"This was on view at the Social VICES Exhibition."

THE WEST WALES GUARDIAN:—"He saw pheasants ROASTING in the trees and heard a shot."

HUDDERSFIELD DAILY EXAMINER:—"B—— reached the farm and RODE the horse-box into the yard."

BIRMINGHAM EVENING DESPATCH:—"—— tried to infuse a little more method into their attack by some long, YELL-directed passes."

SCHOOLBOY'S OWN LIBRARY:—"Outside the WINDOW howled, and the snow was falling more thickly."

HEDNESFORD ADVERTISER:—"Damp fruit makes a heavy pudding, and should be quickly FRIED after you have washed them."

BRADFORD TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"A 10 o'clock curfew has been ordered for all theatres, kinemas and CAFES."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"—— was accused of loitering for BETTER purposes."

BLACKBURN TIMES:—"... believed to be the longest sitting for a case tried by a PRETTY sessional court."

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

The Cobbler's Despair

SIXTEEN - MONTHS-OLD John has not found 1934 bestowing happiness and prosperity on his little life, which has been one of hardship. He was born in an Institution, and in the last nine months has paid two visits to it, which, perhaps, have been his happiest days.

John

What is the history of John's family? When they came to us, a forlorn trio, father, mother and baby, they were destitute.

John's father, an ex-Service man, having for long been unable to obtain work, was sent to a training centre for the unemployed, where he trained in boot repairing. When he has the leather and the orders, he can earn up to 30s. a week. On one occasion, whilst mending a shoe, a nail pierced his hand, which led to a long stay in hospital and the amputation of a finger. This does not prevent him from carrying on his work.

Owing to a run of bad luck, his leather stock ran out, and he has not the wherewithal to renew it, or to pay his rent, nor to feed his family.

In addition to John, there is a boy aged six years, and one aged three, in hospital, having broken his arm by falling out of bed whilst his mother was bathing John.

Because John's mother is so well worth helping—so anxious to do her best for the children—because her life, as she told us, "is a dreadful life, never knowing what is coming along," we are laying this family's wants before our readers, hoping that they will send donations earmarked "John," to enable his father to replenish his stock of leather and maintain his family.

This helping to set down-and-out families on their feet is something which our subscribers do each time they spare a donation for our Fund, and these, surely, are the works that will follow them through eternity.

Donations should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

THELMA, VISCOUNTESS FURNESS

shares her beauty secret with you

"Pond's is what I always use for my skin," says Thelma, Viscountess Furness. "The Creams, the Skin Tonic, the Cleansing Tissues. They are most satisfactory . . .

"Pond's Cold Cream seems to *rest* one's skin, keeps it fair and soft and smooth. I cleanse my face and neck with it several times during the day, and I remove the cream with Pond's Cleansing Tissues. I use the Skin Freshener usually before dressing for dinner. It prevents the pores enlarging.

"Pond's Vanishing Cream suits my skin perfectly. I find it more effective than anything else for keeping powder on."

Thelma Furness

GUIDE YOUR SKIN TO BEAUTY WITH **POND'S TWO CREAMS**

PRICES FROM 6D.

Palmolive cleanses, soothes and beautifies because of its OLIVE OIL content

This amount of Olive Oil goes into every tablet of Palmolive

Safeguard your beauty with *natural* soap and water cleansing, night and morning. That is the unanimous advice of 20,000 beauty specialists. "But," they add, "be particular about the soap—it must be an olive oil soap . . . Palmolive!"

In Palmolive Soap the abundant natural oils of the palm and the olive combine to make Palmolive lather so soft and velvety that it cannot irritate the tenderest skin. On the contrary, by its emollient effect, it strengthens and feeds the living tissues—it beautifies and soothes while it cleanses. Follow the advice of 20,000 beauty experts—let Palmolive preserve for you "that Schoolgirl complexion."

3d Per tablet

Except in I.F.S.

MOTHER'S DARLING

THE LITTLE RED BOOK PROTECTS HIM.

How justly proud mother is of her wee darling. How hard she works to keep him nice and especially hard to keep him well and bonny.

Correct advice and guidance is such a boon in those early worrying days, that is why so many hundreds of mothers are relying on the little red book "Hints to Mothers," which is offered free by the makers of the famous Steedman's Powders.

Made especially for little systems, Steedman's are absolutely safe and sure, inducing a healthy regularity from teething time to fourteen years, banishing feverishness and keeping the blood stream clean and cool.

Costing only three halfpence and obtainable everywhere, each Steedman's Powder bears the double EE on the wrapper for baby's protection.

The "Hints to Mothers" booklet is yours for the asking. You will find advice as to symptoms and treatment for all baby's little ailments and what to do while awaiting the doctor in the unfortunate event of an accident or serious illness.

Send a postcard NOW, mentioning "John Bull" to John Steedman & Co., 170, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

WITHOUT PURGATIVES OR CALOMEL

and you'll jump out of bed feeling you could push a bus over

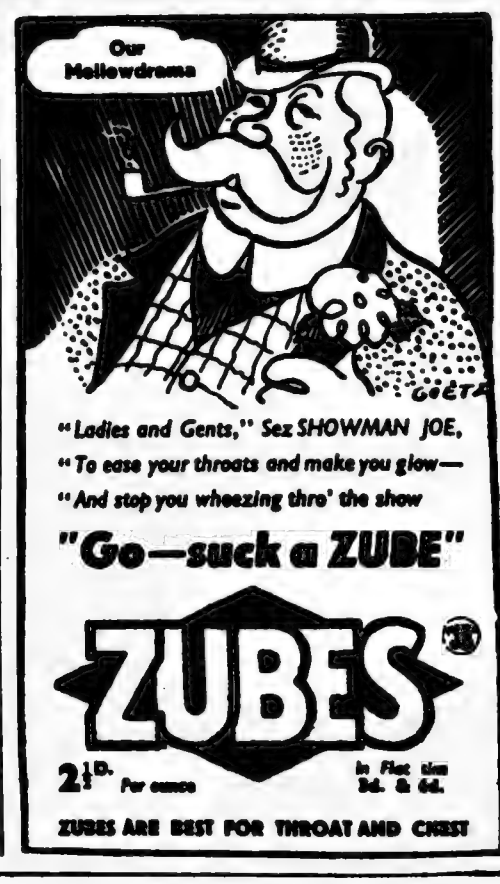
If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, fizzy drinks, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives, and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels, and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason why you feel rotten is your liver. It should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas blows up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those famous, sure-acting CARTERS BRAND LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely. But don't let them give you just any liver pills. Stand out for Carters Pills, the famous sure-health kind. Look for the name Carters on the package. At all Chemists 1/3 and 3/-.

What the Cover covers
Just a steel frame, that's all—nothing much to look at but how much depends on it. Service, neatness, strength, the shape of your umbrella—have you given these a thought?
Insist on a Fox's Frame, and on all these counts you are assured of the best.
THIS UMBRELLA IS MADE ON FOX'S FRAME
FF8
FOX'S FRAMES
LOOK FOR THE TICKET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"To ease your throats and make you glow—
"And stop you wheezing thro' the show
"Go—suck a ZUBE"
ZUBES
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Our representative will call at your home—have a free demonstration. Not sold in shops. Satisfaction guaranteed
Kleen-e-ze Brush Co. Ltd
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You need
Allenburys PASTILLES
Your Chemist stocks them
4d. per oz.
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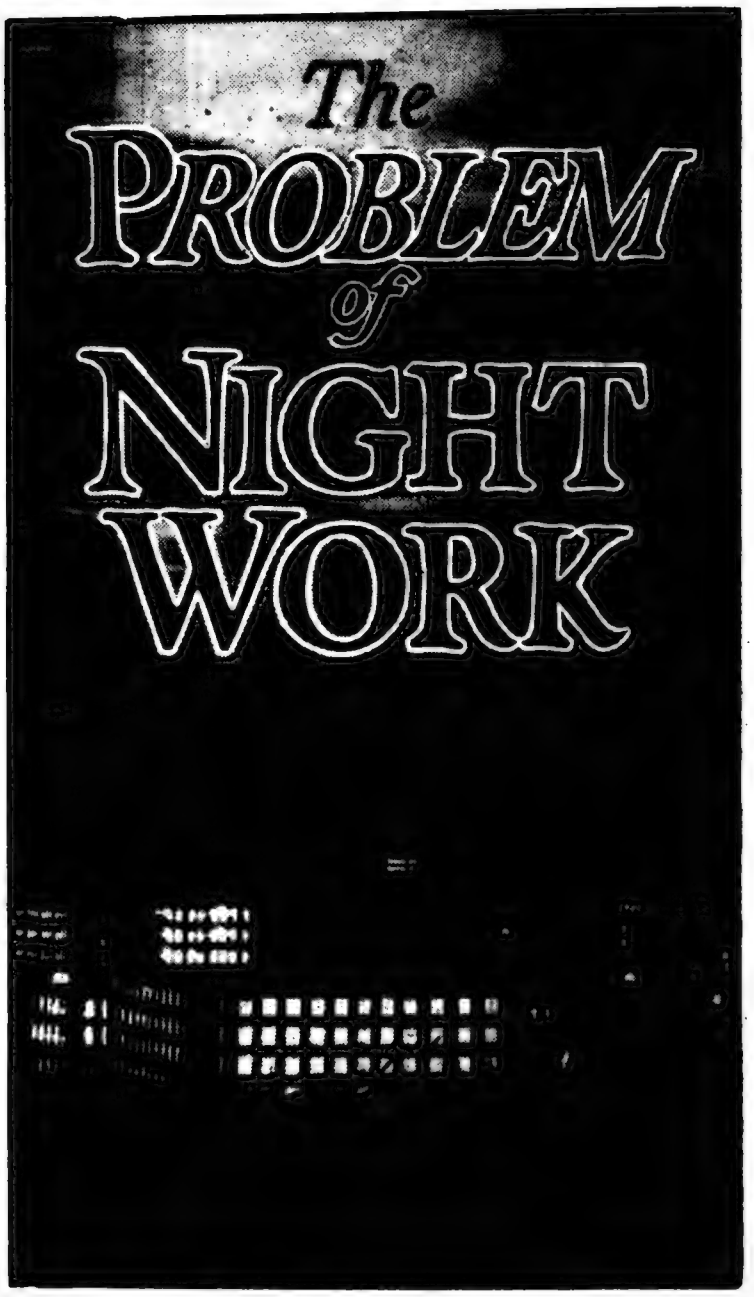
HUMAN DOCUMENTS *probed by* PHILIP INMAN

The PROBLEM of NIGHT WORK



The men go out to turn night into busy day —but what is its effect on the homes they leave?

THIS is the season of the year when pantomimes are in full swing. All over the country young people of all ages are flocking to see the old favourites. And amongst them is that perennial attraction, "Aladdin and His Lamp."

If only in real life we could ask some genie for the things we desire! I could make a safe guess what a great many people would choose. A good home, a congenial partner, happy and healthy children, freedom from worry and poverty—these are some of the great contentments of life.

And my readers will agree that the gateway to most of these possessions is a good job.

"Blessed is he who has found his work," says Carlyle. How true that is! Heaven to many a man nowadays would be spelt in these words: regular employment, an interesting occupation, and a reasonable wage. But, alas! that is not the lot of many folk. Most of those who are fortunate enough to have a job have to put up with all sorts of difficulties.

Here is a case in point. This woman reader has received some very great gifts from the genie of life. She tells me that she is the wife of a good man, who is a "splendid father," and that they have a "sweet little girl" and a "happy home." But this man's work—that is the snag.

"He has been on night shift for three years," she tells me, "and I have to spend so much time by myself. We seldom see each other, and I feel that my nerves are suffering from always being alone in the house at night-time, except for my baby girl.

"The least sound wakes me up. It seems cruel to be condemned to an existence of this kind because employers don't, or won't, think of the womenfolk.

"I have always hoped that one morning he would come to me and say that he had been changed over to day-work. But it has gone on for so long that I suppose they think it can go on for ever."

And my correspondent concludes by asking this question: "Don't you think that a law ought to be passed to stop such prolonged periods of night-work?"

The Easiest Answer

Well, of course, I don't think that is possible. I do admit, though, that it can be very trying for a woman to have to run a home under these conditions. I know many firms who recognise this fact, and allow their workpeople to do alternate night and day shifts.

Has the husband of my correspondent approached his employers and asked if he can be transferred to day shift? It may be that they only want reminding of his long spell of night duty. They may even think he prefers it.

A good deal depends, of course, on the type of employer. This man should be in a position to know whether they would receive such a suggestion favourably or not. I hope they will agree to make the change. If they are not reasonable, then his only alternative is to look for another job.

In the meantime, my correspondent must learn to count her blessings. Let her remember her "happy home," her "sweet little girl," and her "good husband." Let her remember, too, that, with all its disadvantages, her husband is in regular employment, and that is something for which to be devoutly thankful.

There are some people who are literally between the devil and the deep sea. Whichever course they take is bound to lead to difficulties. Think of a position of this kind: A man is engaged on work which, from a health standpoint, is definitely harmful to him. Yet, if he gives up his employment, he is not entitled to the "dole." What is such a man to do?

Here is a problem on these lines that has recently been submitted to me:

"I am employed at gas-making (carbon monoxide, to be exact), and my local doctor told me two years ago that this work would kill me in time, owing to the fumes.

"I thought, therefore, the best thing was to start a sideline, and I have begun to sell a little drapery in my spare time, with the idea of getting a small connection together, so that I could give up my ordinary work as soon as I felt established.

"It has been a very slow process, but I think I am making headway, and I am thinking of taking a small shop in a market town not far from here.

"Do you think it advisable to leave the security of a regular wage and take my chance? I have managed to put by about thirty pounds in cash, and I have stock to the value of about twelve pounds.

"In addition to plenty of ambition, I am trading with a reliable warehouse and have proved the excellent quality of their goods."

A Wise Man

This correspondent is a wise man. When he saw the danger signal, he took heed and started to make plans for his future. Now his foresight has borne fruit, and he has reached the stage when he wonders whether he should "leave the security of a regular wage" and "go all out" on his new enterprise.

I think there is only one answer, and that is, the state of his health. Let me remind him of the old slogan: The greatest wealth is health. He has already continued his work for two years after the doctor's warning. If he delays much longer he may have neither the strength nor the inclination to develop his new occupation. I advise him, therefore, if he is going to take the plunge, to do it while he has the health.

From what he has told me, I see no reason why he should not do well. He is not taking a step in the dark, for he has already found his feet. He has established relations with a good firm, and he has put by a little capital. These things promise well for the future.

On ordinary grounds, I would not recommend anyone to give up a steady job for one that must involve a certain amount of risk. But the risk to this man seems much greater if he remains in his present employment.

There are people who put their whole heart and soul into their work. It must be terribly galling to them when they are called upon to do something shoddy.

"I am working for a joinery firm," says my next correspondent, "and we are engaged on a housing scheme in the country. I have always taken a pride in my work, and it came as a great surprise when my employer complained that it was *too good* for this particular job.

"For example, he wants me to do the shoddiest of work, and to put in one nail where there should be three. The rest of the men all readily comply with his request, but I feel I can't do it. And yet, if I give up my job, there will be no 'dole' for me, and, as I have a wife and children to support, I am feeling very worried.

"I am really beginning to wonder: Does it pay to be thorough? Isn't it better to put conscience aside and just think of my bread-and-butter?"

I can imagine just how this man feels. But, in plain words, this is the choice before him: Is any job better than no job at all?

His Family First

With his family responsibilities, I should say it is. My correspondent talks about conscience. But where does conscience come in? He does not suggest that his employer is acting dishonestly. He does not tell me, for instance, that he has contracted to put up a better type of house than he is actually doing. If he is only receiving a cheap price for a cheap house, he can only do a cheap job, otherwise he would lose heavily, and soon both my correspondent and his fellow-workers would find themselves unemployed.

There is an old proverb: "When in Rome, do as Rome does." Those who cannot follow that advice should get away from Rome as soon as they can. The point of this will not be lost on my correspondent.

He feels himself out of harmony with his present work—his only solution is to look for and find other employment where his real craftsmanship will be valued at its true worth. But, for the sake of his wife and child, it would be better for him to "stay in Rome" until he has found his passage out.

Philip Inman is JOHN BULL's "Humanist," and exists to help you to solve the problem which is causing you anxiety. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

"I nearly lost my job

UNTIL I FOUND OUT THIS WAY TO STOP FEELING TIRED"

"I'm head waitress at a large café in Manchester and it's a pretty hard job. I'm on my feet 9 to 12 hours a day. It's extra work for me, too, seeing that customers are served in their right order and that the bills are made out right — I've got to keep my wits about me.

"I nearly lost my job about 3 months ago because I got so tired and 'nervy,' kept breaking things. I added up bills wrongly, too. There were several complaints from customers all in one week. The manageress warned me. Then a friend of mine who's over 70 and takes Hall's Wine to keep her strength, put me on to it. The very first day my nerves felt better. In less than two months taking lovely Hall's Wine regularly I felt as full of go as if I'd had three months' holiday lying on the beach somewhere — the hardest day is no trouble now my nerves are strong. I'm glad I was given Hall's Wine when I needed it." (*Miss*) *A. G. Fleming, 4 Lord Street, Lower Broughton, Manchester*

"A NURSE TOLD ME—"

"Most women think it's natural to feel weak and 'old' at my age. I did too . . . Then a nurse told me about Hall's Wine. I've got my strength now." (*Mrs.*) *Agnes Culliman, 76 Cromford Road, London, S.W.18.*

DELICIOUS TONIC

Isn't it worth 5/6 never to be tired out?

"Nerves" won't trouble you any more if you get rid of your tiredness. Prepared from the formula of a well-known doctor, Hall's Wine has a quick and lasting effect no other tonic gives. Letters like that above prove it. Hundreds of letters from nurses (actual letters open for inspection) prove its wonderful results even more. Start today! From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith & Company, Limited, Bow, London, E.3.

HALL'S WINE

STRENGTHENS YOU IF TIRED OR RUN DOWN

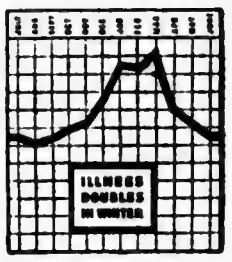
"Doctor stood over Peggy's bed and smiled. 'That's fine,' he said, 'all she needs is sunshine.' My heart sank. I knew we hadn't the money to take Peggy away," *writes Mrs. Filbey, 1 Talbot Grove, N. Kensington, W.11.* "Then nurse explained how it is lack of sunshine makes children get ill in winter—and Scott's Emulsion takes the place of sunshine. All that winter we kept Peggy on Scott's. In a few weeks the neighbours were saying they hardly knew her—she was so much better. Now she goes all through the winter with perhaps only one little cold in the head."

IS YOUR CHILD ILL IN WINTER?

Keep *your* child safe. Specialists explain that each tablespoonful of Scott's has the health value of 2 hours summer sunshine. Builds bone. Puts on flesh. *Actually keeps illness away.*

"MY BOY EATS SPLENDIDLY NOW"

Mrs. E. Jackson, 211 Ducane Rd., Shepherd's Bush W.12., says: "John, aged 11, wouldn't eat till I started him on Scott's. Now he often has two helpings of meat and potatoes, and sometimes even three of pudding. He is eating splendidly."



TWICE AS MANY CHILDREN ILL IN WINTER.

This chart shows the danger for children of these damp, sunless months. Keep your child SAFE from illness. Start with Scott's TODAY

Scott's Emulsion

Does what the Sun does

For Your Child's Tender Skin

USE

Cuticura Soap

And know that you are laying the foundation for a healthy skin in later life. Pure, gentle and delicately medicated, it is ideal for keeping tender, sensitive skins clear and healthy, free from rashes and irritations.

Price 1s. Sold at all chemists.

A Free Gift VOUCHER appears in the BOURNVILLE COCOA announcement on p. 18. Use it!

THE SAFE, SURE WAY TO END PAIN

PER PKT. 1/3

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

COUGHS!
How to get immediate and lasting relief

TAKE FAMEL SYRUP! Thousands upon thousands of former sufferers have found relief from the very first dose, and no recurrence since taking FAMEL. Why is FAMEL so astonishingly successful? Because it goes straight to the root of coughs, colds, catarrh and chronic bronchitis. It is instantly effective in case after case of the stubbornest kind. The marvel is that it allows Nature's greatest remedy—which formerly could only be inhaled—to act directly through the blood stream, driving out your complaint from within. Its effect—even after the first dose—is almost miraculous. Millions have benefited by Famel Syrup. It is used and recommended by Nurses and Doctors all over the world. Buy a bottle to-day, at any Chemist. Always keep a bottle by you for instant relief of colds, coughs, and other chest complaints. *It is simply marvellous for checking 'flu in its early stages and is a sure preventive of all dangerous bronchial and pneumonic complications.*

READ THESE REPORTS
—typical of Thousands

Cured Terrible After-'Flu Cough

"I had the 'flu and it left me with such a terrible cough that even the pit of my stomach felt as if it was breaking every time I coughed. I tried all kinds of remedies, but without any result or ease. I used to waken coughing for half-an-hour. *But the first dose of your Syrup took the pain away, and a small bottle almost cured me.* Then my husband started with the same complaint, racked with the cough, so he got a bottle of your famous Syrup and it has cured him."—(*Mrs.*) *P., Hasland.*

Child's Cough Cured in No Time

"I am writing to say what a wonder cure your Famel Syrup is. *It cured my little boy's cough in no time* after I had tried heaps of other remedies. Famel Syrup gave him *relief after the first dose* and I shall not fail to recommend it to my friends."—(*Mrs.*) *G. H. T., Shilton.*

Result like magic

"I have never had such wonderful syrup as Famel for coughs or colds, etc. I do not intend to be without it. I shall never have any other than Famel brand in future. It is wonderful, both for myself and husband and small son, the result is like magic after the first few doses."—(*Mrs.*) *S. H., Kingstanding.*

Sufferer for over 20 years

"My wife has been a sufferer from bronchitis and asthma for the past 20 years, and kept poor through paying doctor's bills, but it has been a 'Godsend' to us, your famous Famel Syrup. Although she has been given up by the Doctor several times, she is now able to get about. I cannot praise Famel Syrup enough for the good result she has received from it."—*G. W., Cheadle.*

FAMEL

[1/6 3/- triple quantity] Brand **SYRUP**

Sold by all Chemists.

Distributors: Wilcox Jonsan & Co., Ltd., 15, St. St. Andrew Street, London, W.C.2, and 19, Temple Bar, Dublin.

Tragedy of the Old Retainer

ELIZABETH NIGHTINGALE is a fortunate woman. At the age of seventy-four, after serving for thirty-four years as a faithful retainer to a wealthy woman, Miss Lucy Sutton, she has retired to a little home in Chelsea, London, with an annuity for life, a legacy, and a testimonial, broadcast in the Press, to the great virtue she possessed in the eyes of her late mistress—the virtue of fidelity.

She is lucky because, to-day, thousands of other faithful retainers—men and women—are suffering on the verge of penury, plunged in despair, hopeless of the future—suffering because they have been guilty of the virtue of faithfulness to those who employed them.

You may see them haunting the registry offices of London and the big provincial towns, seeking jobs in "service"; appealing in vain for employment in a sphere where they are no longer wanted because they have grown old in faithful service elsewhere.

Seeking, in vain

They are the old retainers of once rich and noble families. They are the victims of the break-up of country estates under the burden of taxation and the load of death duties. Many of them have grown old in the service of the big "town" houses of the once-wealthy—houses that now are closed and shuttered, with only a caretaker in charge; houses that have been sold and pulled down to make room for blocks of labour-saving flats, hotels, or business offices.

In Park Lane alone—that one-time paradise for old retainers—six great mansions have recently been demolished to make way for hotels and flats, where old retainers are not wanted. It is estimated that these six mansions alone employed a hundred men and women who had been in the service of the families since their early youth.

In the Midlands and the North, many great country homes are standing empty and the old retainers are scattered—some seeking work in vain at the London registry offices.

Tragedy lurks in every waiting-room in the high-class registry offices to-day. Here sit old butlers who have seen historic gatherings of the past in the stately homes of Britain; nurses who have reared the sons and daughters of former statesmen and peers and now are cast out and forgotten; footmen who have tended the elite of the world; housekeepers and housemaids who have served the famous.

They sit in vain, most of them, for the faithful retainer is no longer in demand. The new generation, living in flats and mews, want slick, quick service, or no service at all, since they live for the day, eat in restaurants and cabarets, and sleep only when exhaustion calls them.

Only way out

There are tragedies innumerable among the old retainers who haunt the registry offices. Only the other day a body retrieved from the Thames proved to be that of an old butler who, after serving nearly fifty years in the household of a famous peer, had lost his job when the peer's London house was closed for economy. The old man had sought a new post in vain; and finally, in despair he had taken what he believed to be the only way out.

More tragic was the case of an old nurse who had brought up two generations of a titled family. She, too, had grown old in service. The second generation—the present peer—is a young and lively sportsman. He likes the country, hates London; so he gave up his London

The faithful servant—a film study of Beryl Mercer

house, paid off the staff generously, and retired to his mansion in the Midlands, where he could indulge his passion for sport.

One of those he paid off was an old woman who had been his childhood nurse. She was nearly seventy. For ten years she had been nominally housekeeper at the London mansion, though her duties were light.

She received a £500 bonus, and was happy that she could fulfil her ambition to start a teashop to support her in old age. The wrench of parting from the family she had known for two generations was great, but the prospect of a new life had attractions.

Forgotten . . .

She started her teashop. She had no experience of commerce. She was accustomed to dealing with friendly, honest people in the peer's house, and knew little of the world's guile. She was cheated, robbed, deluded. In less than six months her little capital had gone, and she was waiting at the doors of the registry office—in vain. Now she has disappeared—nobody knows where.

Her case reveals one of the tragedies of old retainers. They have lived so long in pleasant, sheltered surroundings that when they are brought face to face with the harshness of the outside world they are lost. To fight the world it is necessary to know the world you are fighting. The battle of life cannot be waged in blinkers.

Another of the hundreds of tragic cases is that of the widow of the former head gardener to a family famous in the history of the Victorian era.

When her husband died she became seamstress to the household. Her master and mistress died "without issue." They were well-intentioned, but forgetful, and had forgotten her in the will.

When the trustees settled up the estate for the benefit of distant relatives, they ignored her, turned her out without even a five-pound note—at the age of sixty. A month later she died, heart-broken, in a lodging-house, most of her hundred pounds of savings still intact.

Most tragic of all is the "companion." She serves the rich, elderly spinster or the widow of a famous man. She devotes every minute of her life, except when she is sleeping, to her mistress. She reads to her, travels with her, talks pleasantly to her, drives out with her. Her mind and body are devoted to her.

Among the deaths that contributed millions of pounds in death duties to the State during the past year were many that sent "companions" out into the world, penniless, to seek jobs which they had little hope of finding. For the "companion" is a woman who is always intended to be remembered in a will, but is almost invariably forgotten.

The superior registry offices know her. She is usually about fifty. She is often the daughter of a country parson. Without chance of marriage, she has taken the only means of livelihood that her limited sphere of life has offered—"companionship." She has been faithful for years, and in the end, because her mistress is selfish or forgetful, she is thrown into the gutter.

She was hungry

Only the other day a former "companion" was before a magistrate, charged with shoplifting from a provision store—"because she was hungry." She was discharged by a humane magistrate and put on probation.

She told, amid tears, a story that revealed the plight of herself and her kind—a tale of semi-starvation, resulting from the death of a mistress whose passing had benefited the State by £20,000. As for the "companion," she received a week's notice, for she had not been remembered in the will, and no provision had been made for her future by the woman she had served so faithfully for twenty-three years.

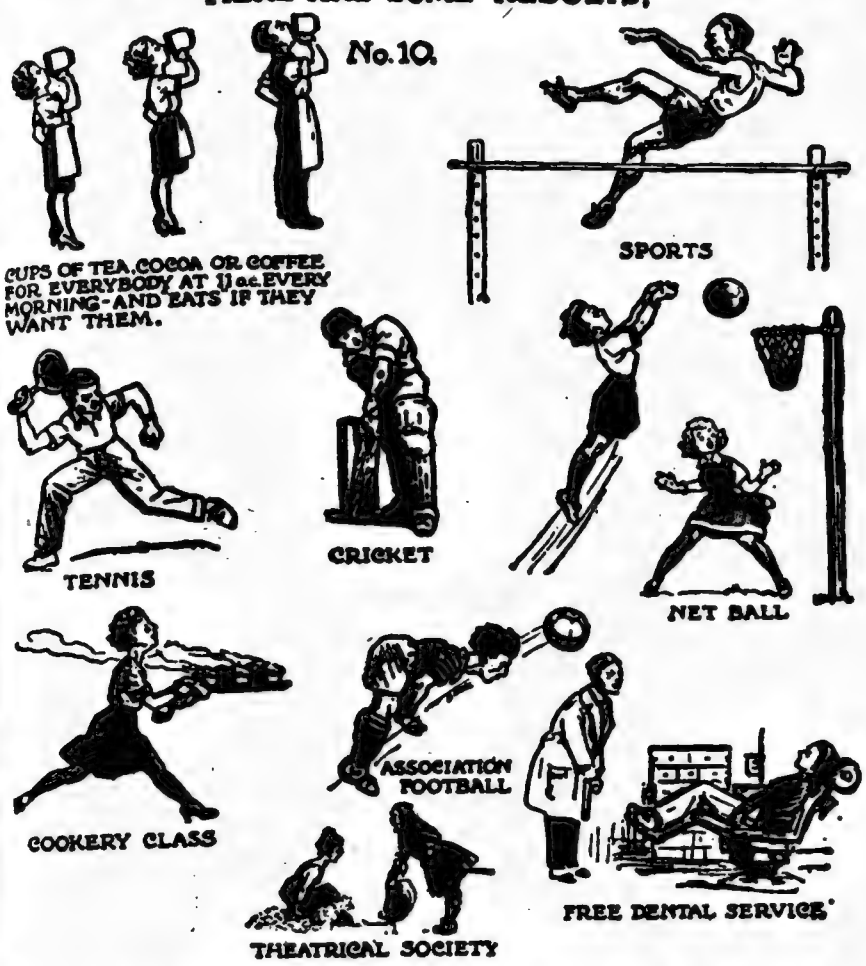
The plight of the faithful retainer is indeed tragic in these days of high taxation and family disintegration. And there is no remedy for their plight, except through the growth of unselfishness.

Perhaps by drawing attention to the tragedy of the lives of those who have served faithfully and well it may be possible to improve their lot in old age.

Fidelity among employers is not inconceivable.

WE HUNT THE WORLD

FOR ENJOYMENT AND WELFARE IDEAS FOR OUR STAFF. HERE ARE SOME RESULTS.



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Free to INDIGESTION SUFFERERS!

LACTOPEPTINE

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The *POSITIVE* Remedy for Indigestion

ENDORSED BY THE MEDICAL PRESS AND PROFESSION

Unrivalled for Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, Stomach Pains, Acidity, Nausea, Dyspepsia and Gastric Trouble.

To *PROVE* to every victim of Indigestion or Painful Gastric Troubles that there is no need to suffer these life-ruining afflictions, we will send, Free of Charge or obligation, a generous 15-Tablet Bottle of "Lactopeptine" Brand Tablets. This extraordinarily effective natural remedy achieves results unobtainable by any other means.

Physicians, Eminent Authorities and the foremost Medical Publications combine to praise and recommend it.

No matter what form the Indigestion may take, "Lactopeptine" quickly and effectively deals with it. It is, in fact, a "complete Digestive System in a Tablet," *for it is a scientific combination of all the Natural constituents necessary for complete digestion.* It contains:—

PEPSIN *to digest such food as Eggs, Milk, Meat, etc.*
PANCREATINE *for emulsionising Butter, Meat Fats and other oily Foods.*
DIASTASE *to ensure proper digestion of Potatoes, Bread, and so on.*
LACTOSE *to ensure more certain and even diffusion of the digestive processes.*

"Lactopeptine" does, in fact, enable you to eat just what you like, for it "digests like Nature digests."

Read These MEDICAL REPORTS

PROOF of the great value of "Lactopeptine" is given by the unbiassed Medical Reports below:—

BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL: "We have submitted LACTOPEPTINE to trial and can confidently recommend it."

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MEDICAL PRESS AND CIRCULAR: "Can highly recommend."

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EDINBURGH MEDICAL JOURNAL: "This most valuable medicine."

BIRMINGHAM MEDICAL REVIEW: "LACTOPEPTINE TABLETS, a convenient form of this most undoubtedly valuable preparation."

AN EMINENT AUTHORITY: "The formula of LACTOPEPTINE would convince even the most sceptical of the valuable results that must ensue through its administration."

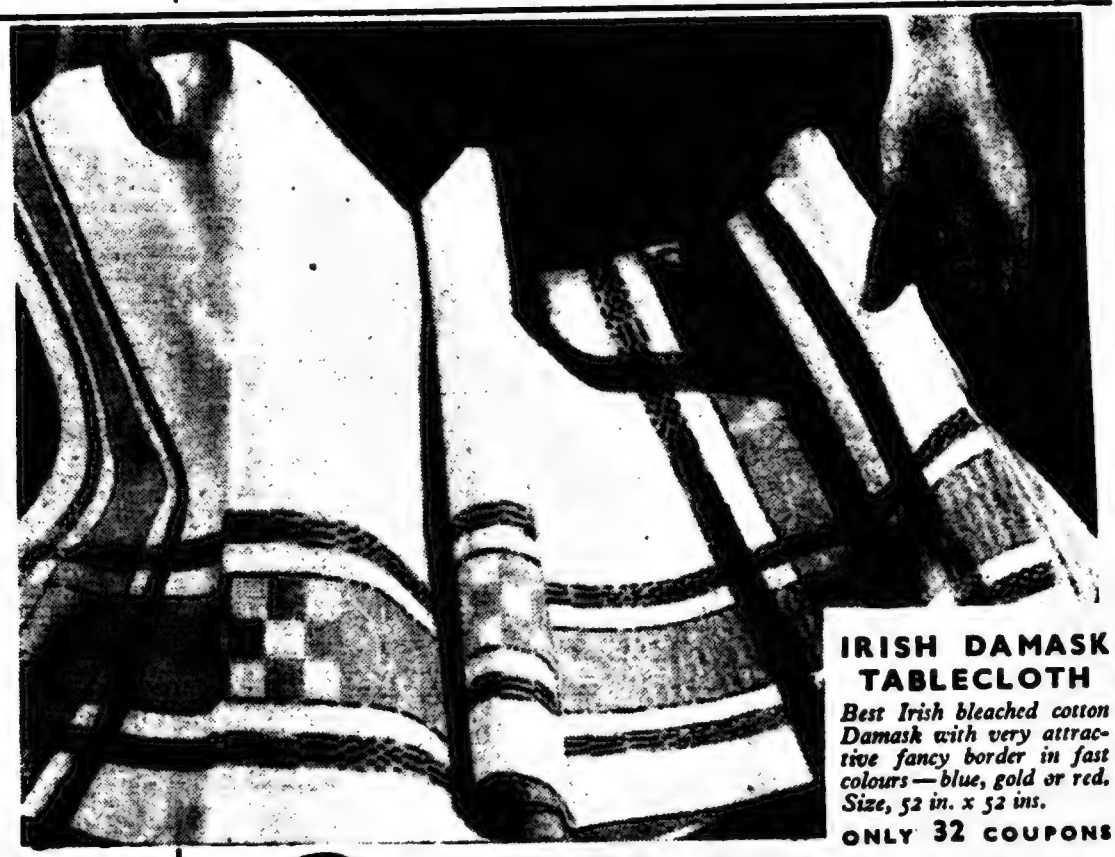
SEND A POST CARD TO-DAY

for YOUR Free Bottle of this remarkable Remedy to:— HAZELWELL PRODUCTS, LTD., Westfield Street, St. Helens.

"Lactopeptine" Brand is obtainable from all Chemists in Tablets, Elixir or Powder form. Prices 1/3 and 3/-.

FREE from FRY'S

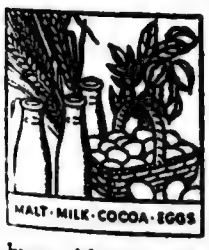
Hundreds of other fine gifts for coupons from either Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs or Fry's Breakfast Cocoa—coupons are interchangeable. Keep to Fry's and get your gifts in half the time.



IRISH DAMASK TABLECLOTH

Best Irish bleached cotton Damask with very attractive fancy border in fast colours—blue, gold or red. Size, 52 in. x 52 ins.

ONLY 32 COUPONS



The FOOD-DRINK that nourishes and strengthens you

Four of Nature's most valuable energy foods blended and balanced with scientific accuracy in one perfect drink. It will nourish you and strengthen you. Put an edge on your appetite, give you zest for your work. The finest value Food-drink you can buy—it's as good for the children as it is for you.

FRY'S MALTED MILK
COCOA WITH EGGS
PER ¼ LB. net weight
7½D

The COCOA to warm and stimulate you. This world famous winter drink should be in every home. Its grateful, warming nourishment gives the whole family a good start and a good finish to the day. 32 cups for 5½d.

5½D
PER ¼ LB. net weight

FRY'S BREAKFAST COCOA

Write for a Free Gift List to Dept. 8a, J. S. FRY & SONS LTD., SOMERDALE, BRISTOL

These prices do not apply in the Irish Free State

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DOG SCRATCHING

—a victim of Winter Sluggishness

When anyone explains a dog's poor condition by telling you that he is a victim of winter sluggishness, it would be just as true to say that the dog was a victim of his owner's carelessness. For winter sluggishness can be easily avoided by regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

Of course, dogs become sluggish in winter **unless you help them to keep their blood pure.** Bad weather prevents you giving them half as much exercise as they need, and then, even one meal of too rich food makes the liver sluggish and the stomach sour.

Because Bob Martin's Condition Powders remove every impurity from the blood, they prevent (and quickly cure) all blood disorders, such as **continual scratching, listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite, dull or loose coat, eczema and swellings between the toes.**

The correct way to condition your dog is to give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders three times a day on **two successive days** in every week. Begin now to give your dog perfect health.

1/- boxes of 21 powders; 6d. packets of 9— everywhere.

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

LW1 Keep dogs fit—ALWAYS

Watch your throat!

NIGHT & DAY keep it WARM every MINUTE GO BUY Victory V

GUMS or LOZENGES

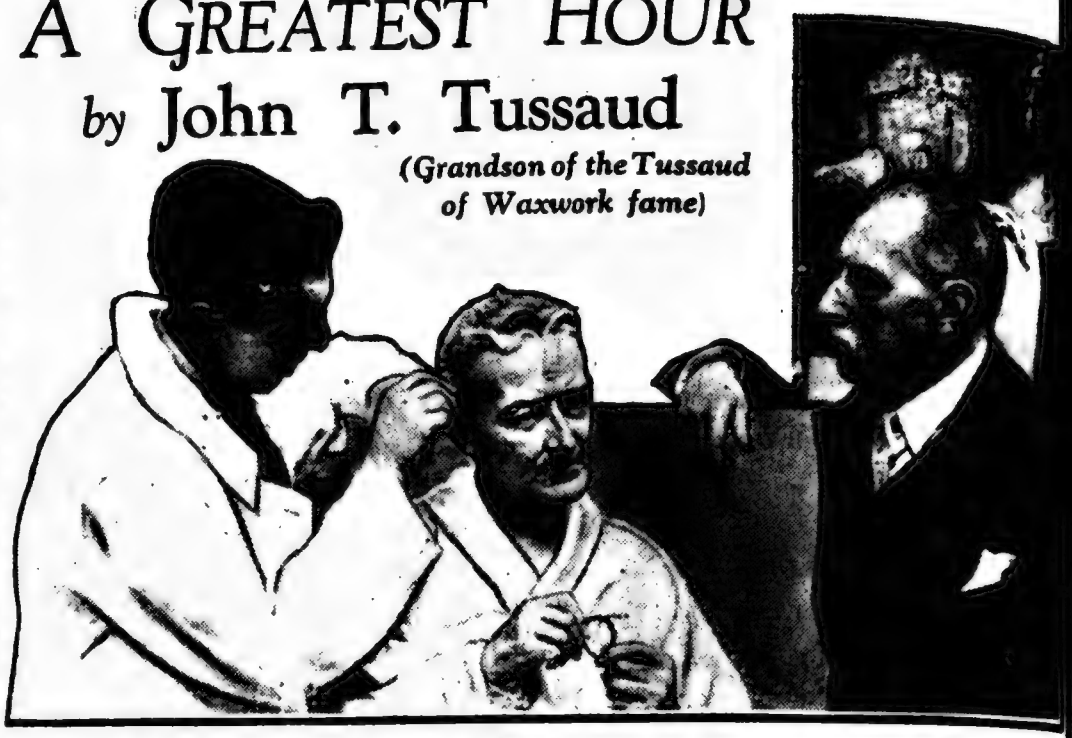
THE WORLD'S WINTER SWEETS

From All Sweetshops

A GREATEST HOUR

by John T. Tussaud

(Grandson of the Tussaud of Waxwork fame)



John Tussaud watches his son put the finishing touches to a new model.

Remaking a WORLD of WAX

ONE of the greatest hours any man can have lived through must have been that in which Thomas Carlyle—compelled to write his monumental "French Revolution," all over again because of the accidental destruction by fire of the original manuscript—wrote "Finis" to the work for the second time.

It can have been given to very few to have lived through such an hour as that.

Yet it has been given to me to know something of what he felt, for I, too, have experienced such an hour. And in my case I had had to build up again not only the work of my own lifetime, but the work of a whole family; a work that had begun 150 years before in the French capital in the sullen years when the Revolution was growing from a seed.

As with Carlyle, my greatest hour resulted from a fire, the destruction of Madame Tussaud's Exhibition on the night of March 18, 1925.

When they came to me somewhere about half-past ten that night and told me that the great Exhibition was burning, and when, later, I watched from the street and saw flames sweeping as through a cauldron from one end to the other of the big, red-brick building. I thought that was the end of everything.

It was as if my family were burning . . its traditions . . . its memories . . . the testimonies of its historic associations with the Royal House of France, with the revolutionaries and the Terrorists and Napoleon and the Bonapartists; with all that had been distinguished and memorable in England during a hundred years.

I could not visualise, in that bitter hour, the possibility that any tangible evidence of Tussaud's part in recording more than a century of troublous history would survive to play the part it had always played—illustrating history as nothing else could.

The ordinary watcher from the street that night saw flames and smoke and the usual wraith-like apparitions of an unusually big fire. I saw more.

I saw Napoleon's military coach, in which had ridden for thousands of leagues that Little Corporal who had defied Europe's armies and their generals, crashing to the floor in flames and collapsing into ashes; Nelson's uniform, which he had worn at the Battle of the Nile, smoulder into nothingness.

I saw an end to the garments of kings, treasured throughout centuries; to that wreath of laurel, made from pure gold for the brow of Lord Beaconsfield at the expense of working men, and refused by the great statesman.

An end to stores of priceless lace; to pictures such as you go to the Palace of Versailles to see; to thousands of other things that money now cannot buy, trophies won by the collecting zeal of generations of Tussauds.

Melted celebrities

I felt I saw, towering high among the licking tongues of flame, the historic guillotine of the French Revolution, with the knife and lunette (as the collar of the deadly instrument is known) used by the younger Sanson, the executioner of Marie Antoinette, of Madame Elizabeth, of the Duc d'Orléans, and of how many besides.

My mind turned naturally to another great loss, the effigies, contemporary portraits of many of those personages.

Madame Tussaud herself—my grandmother and a friend of Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister—had fashioned them when an impressionable young woman. And sometimes the models from which she had worked had been the actual severed heads of royalties and aristocrats and revolutionaries alike.

She who had known the originals well enough was compelled to produce death-masks of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Hébert, Danton, Robespierre, Carrier, Fouquier-Tinville—the best and fairest and also the worst and vilest who met their death on the scaffold. Unthinkable was the degree of horror imposed upon her by the gruesome task of faithfully recording these dead and contorted features.

Why should this dreadful work have been allotted to her? The reason is plain, since she was the niece and adopted daughter of Christopher Curtius, the popular modeller whose portraits in wax of many of the greatest in the land had won him great renown, and whose apt pupil she had been.

Curtius was away—an Envoy Extraordinary of the Republic. Who better than his talented niece could be chosen to replace him as an artist?

This seems a digression, but all these things were in my mind as I stood watching the burning building, and so have a tremendous bearing on my story.

Deep down in the heart of the flames were the moulds she made during the Terror, and the moulds her successors had made of the features of the greatest in British history since Madame found a new home in England.

The wax models made from them were burning to nothing, we knew. The intensity of the flames showed that. But what of the moulds? Were they cracking into fragments in the intense heat, powdering into ashes?

It seemed certain that they could not escape destruction.

At last came the time when I could walk over the still hot wreckage. *The wardrobes of the great? Ashes! Napoleon's coach? An axle only remained!* Famous canvases had disappeared from the glowing walls. The gold of Turnerelli's "Beaconsfield" wreath had melted and merged with the general ruin.

At last I came to where those precious moulds had been stored—and they were safe. Although so much had gone, at least we had the nucleus of a new Madame Tussaud's; the fruit of 150 years' work had not disappeared in its entirety.

On me and my son Bernard and the loyal band of studio and other workers devolved the task of rebuilding as Carlyle had rebuilt.

For three years we worked against time, burning the midnight oil, listening to stories that we'd never be able to finish in time, and sometimes believing them.

When we were not casting, modelling, carving, colouring, giving new life to the heads of the great people who had sat for us during a century, we were concerning ourselves with the thousand and one details of costume, medals, regalia—ensuring that each figure was dressed in material used during his day, and was correct in every particular. We scoured the country for fabrics now out of use, for examples of old lace, so that the new Madame Tussaud's would be as exact as the old had been.

Such people as Cobden and Bright and many more besides had individual peculiarities in dress. A notoriously shabby celebrity must not look like a dandy, a dandy must be sartorially impeccable.

Delicate details

Thus, in our studio, while bricklayers and masons carried on the actual work of rebuilding, we endeavoured to keep faith with those Tussauds who had gone before us.

All this led slowly but surely to my greatest hour. I cannot truthfully say it was a sixty-minute hour!

It began on the day when we reopened, the 26th day of April, 1928. Here were celebrities indeed. Celebrities in the flesh confronted celebrities in wax. Sometimes the original faced his own effigy, a trying moment for everybody.

Talk, talk, talk everywhere.

We listened anxiously; heard them say we had performed miracles. So far, so good!

Then came a quick succession of days when all London and his wife came to see the new Madame Tussaud's, one in particular when we looked into the street, to right and to left, and saw long queues waiting, four to six deep. We saw the turnstiles click well over the 25,000 mark that day.

London had really spoken. Not until the great public had given its verdict on the New Madame Tussaud's could we be sure that we had done our work as Madame and her uncle Curtius before her would have had us do it. Then we knew that we had.

A great hour, that, surely.

You get more nourishment from a slice of BREAD than from any other food at an equal cost

There is no better breakfast food than Bread - and none nearly so cheap. It is practically all pure nourishment, body-building and energy-producing, yet it costs far less than cereal foods although it has a much higher food value. Start the day right on Bread - order an extra loaf from your baker *now*.

ISSUED BY THE MILLERS' MUTUAL ASSOCIATION C.F.H. 104

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION you will not want to break

TO REGULARLY EAT FOX'S GLACIER MINTS

and definitely REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

Free Offer to Indigestion Sufferers

Turn to page 29 and accept the free trial sample offer of "LACTOPEPTINE," which is made without charge or obligation to readers of "John Bull." Seize this opportunity now!

"COUGH VANISHED with a rub of your ointment"

"Late one foggy night, just about the time my annual Winter cough had started, I was about to leave a friend's house after a card party, when he gave me a jar of your Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. When I arrived home, I rubbed some of it on my chest. I could feel its tingling warmth doing me good there and then! Within a day or two my cough had completely vanished, and now, at the slightest sign of a cough, I kill it on the spot with a rub of your ointment." S. J., Finchley.

The tingling, penetrating warmth of Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment will bring you blissful peace and freedom from pain. Deep down it reaches to the pain-racked tissues and draws out the inflammation. Get a jar to-day.

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT

MADE IN ENGLAND

THOS. CHRISTY & CO. (Sole Distributors), 4-12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4

She was "badly run-down" because her Blood was IRON-STARVED

Modern medical research reveals that the great need of nearly all of us is MORE IRON in our blood—*and that not less than eighty-five per cent of those suffering from the effects of IRON-DEFICIENCY are women.*

Doctors say, the only way to correct this iron-deficiency is to take large doses of assimilable iron. The form of iron they recommend is that contained in IRON 'JELLOIDS' which provide the simplest, safest, surest means of overcoming IRON STARVATION.

Iron 'Jelloids' made a marvellous difference in a week

If you are run-down, pale, headachy, nervous, depressed, have no appetite, suffer from indigestion, breathlessness *it is almost certain that the cause is INSUFFICIENT IRON in your blood.*

Don't waste time and money treating the symptoms. Correct the *cause!* Give your blood MORE IRON. Take a course of Iron 'Jelloids.' Two 3/- boxes will work wonders! Everybody can afford Iron 'Jelloids.' The 3/- box lasts 36 days, the 1/3 box 10 days. Of all chemists.

Her letter says:

"I am writing to tell you what a high value I put upon your splendid Iron 'Jelloids.' I was badly run-down. I tried many different tonics, but made no real improvement until I tried Iron 'Jelloids.' After only one week the difference in my health was marvellous. I could eat and sleep well, and gained strength every day. IN A MONTH'S TIME I WAS QUITE MY USUAL SELF."
—Mrs. E. A. W.

Iron Jelloids Rapidly Restore Rich Red Blood

Of all Chemists: 3/- (36 days' treatment) 1/3 (10 days' treatment)

FOR WOMEN: No. 2 The best blood enricher and tonic for anæmic women and girls. *Cannot blacken the teeth* or upset digestion. Certain to bring the roses back to your cheeks. Also suitable FOR MEN who do not like quinine.

FOR MEN: No. 2a Run-down and debilitated men should take IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A. These contain quinine, and are the finest tonic in the world. Take two 3/- boxes, and you'll enjoy your food and soon feel stronger in every way.

FOR CHILDREN: No. 1 Every growing child should take a short course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1 now and then, to keep up the supply of iron, and to ensure that the child's blood is always rich, red, and nutritious.

The word 'Jelloids' is a registered trade-mark. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (which is less than 2½d. a day) buys this magnificent cycle. You pay more than that in 'bus & tram fares alone. The Graves 'FLIGHT' Model is the finest value the world can offer:—Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Set of Accessories. Lady's or Gent's, Carriage Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 now, and 14 monthly payments of 5/2. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue of Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', & Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, &c. Post free J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

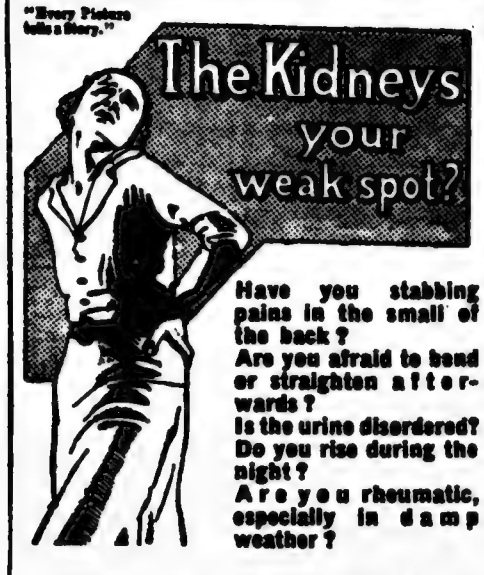
HEAD COLDS INSTANT RELIEF

"Nostroline" acts in 30 seconds. Clears head, opens breathing passages. Ends congestion in nose, throat or chest. Get "Nostroline" to-day and banish all terrors of winter. 1/3, at all chemists. Safe for youngest child. *Free Sample from "Nostroline," J. 61, Clifton, Bristol.*

CATARRH
INFLUENZA
HEAD NOISES
DEAFNESS

IT MUST BE 'NOSTROLINE'

"Every Picture tells a Story."



Have you stabbing pains in the small of the back?
Are you afraid to bend or straighten afterwards?
Is the urine disordered?
Do you rise during the night?
Are you rheumatic, especially in damp weather?

If you must answer "Yes" to these questions you have reason to suspect kidney weakness, but don't become alarmed. There is no cause to fear a long and trying illness if you will strengthen the weakened kidneys with Doans Backache Kidney Pills without loss of time.

The danger of kidney weakness lies in neglect; each day's delay permits an accumulation of excess uric acid and other impurities which healthy kidneys would have filtered away.

Strengthen the weak spot with Doans Pills. You will be delighted at the difference healthy kidneys will make to your life.

"Laid up three months"

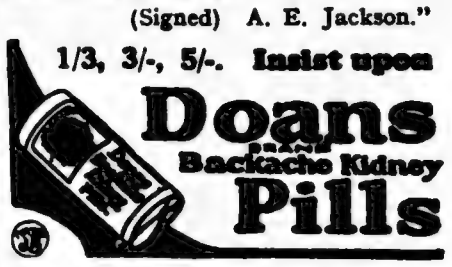
On 20th August, 1912, Mrs. A. E. Jackson, 15, Winson Street, Smethwick, Birmingham, Warwick, said:—"I was laid up for nearly three months with kidney complaint, suffering continually with fierce cutting pains in my back and loins. There was a distressing weakness of the bladder and the kidney excretions contained gravel. My ankles and hands were swollen with dropsy.

"I obtained no relief at all until I began with Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They remedied the kidney weakness, and now I am quite well."

On 29th August, 1933, Mrs. Jackson said: "I am always pleased to speak well of Doans Pills. They were a blessing to me twenty-one years ago.

(Signed) A. E. Jackson."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Insist upon



X-RAYED ELEVEN TIMES FOR STOMACH TROUBLE

Do you suffer with your stomach? Do you know the agony of wind, indigestion and stomach sickness? If so read the experience of Mr. J. Hurley of Dudley, and follow his advice:

"I have been a very bad sufferer with my stomach for nearly 6 years. I have tried hundreds of remedies but have never had anything to do me as much good as your powder. I attended hospital a long time and they put me under X-Ray eleven times and gave me lots of medicine but never told me what my trouble was. I have not been able to eat a decent meal for nearly 6 years—but I am glad to tell you that after taking only three bottles of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I can now eat a good meal without getting any pain. I shall always recommend anybody suffering from stomach trouble to take your powder."

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will do the same for you. In hundreds of cases it has succeeded when all other means have failed. But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

A LION has Escaped..

ACCORDING to the latest statistics, there are nearly four hundred lions and lionesses in Britain—hungry for liberty; seeking every chance that offers to slip beyond the bars and past the keepers that separate them from a defenceless public.

They live in zoos, in private menageries, in circuses. Sometimes one of them escapes, and terror stalks through miles of country. During the past year four have temporarily regained their liberty, only to be recaptured again. The other day a tiger escaped in a theatre in the Midlands, held up the building, mauled a keeper, then went back to its cage.

One of the curious examples of an escape occurred not long ago in a Midland town. The circus had closed down after the afternoon performance. While the staff were at tea in their caravans, the five-year-old son of one of the performers—a newcomer to the circus—wandered among the animal cages. He was too young to fear the animals; and, taking a fancy to one of the lions, he climbed a step-ladder beside its cage, slid back the bolt, which had carelessly been left unpadlocked, and crept in to make the acquaintance of the lion. A few minutes later the lion stepped out and began to wander around the circus.

AND a few minutes after that the circus staff were horrified to see the small boy, shouting vigorously, pursuing the lion across the arena, yelling to it to "come back."

Before nets, guns or other protective devices could be brought, the frightened lion had obeyed the five-year-old child by bounding back into its cage, where it sat growling sullenly.

Lion experts say that if a man had thus pursued the lion he would in all probability have been mauled. But the minute child was an unknown quantity to the animal; and animals always dread the unknown.

On another occasion a lioness struck down its keeper, stalked out of its cage, and disappeared. All that evening and night there was a hue and cry. The whole circus staff searched the district, in vain. It was presumed that the animal must have got away into the open country.

But dawn revealed the lioness lying quietly and watchfully on top of its cage. Nobody knew where it had been during the night. Evidently it did not appreciate its liberty, for it had returned to the cage which had been its home for seven years. That lioness certainly had the laugh of its pursuers.

The longest period a lion has ever been at liberty in Britain was six days. This happened some years ago in Warwickshire. Apart from killing two sheep for food, the animal did no damage; and when cornered and netted in a field it showed little disinclination to return to captivity.

For lions that have been long in captivity lose their nerve when faced with all the terrors of a civilised country.

Keepers grow accustomed to treating their wild charges lightly. They cease to fear them.

Often they grow careless in consequence; and the lion, seeing a chance, takes it, and a whole district is thrown into a state of terror until the lion is again under lock and bar.

These escapes occur despite innumerable precautions that are taken. The precautions begin with the Home Office, which insists that every lion in captivity in Britain must be held under adequate bars, bolts and locks. No specific strength of bar and bolt is insisted on—that rests with the owner; but they must be strong enough to prevent the wild animal from escaping. In the event of an escape, the owner pays the piper for any damage done.

THEREFORE, most of the four hundred lions in Britain are covered by insurance policies. If a lion escapes and attacks you, you make your claim against the owner, and the insurance company pays.

You are the "third party" risk. The lion is the second. The total insurance premiums paid annually for the lions in Britain amount approximately to £2,000—roughly about £5 per lion.

But the premium for lions varies with their age. For very young lions the premium is low; for middle-aged lions it is higher, because middle-aged lions are more dangerous and cunning. For very old lions, again, it is less, because old lions are usually too lazy to bother to hurt anybody!

But the lions in Britain are no respecters of persons—nor of insurance policies. They seek their freedom whenever opportunity offers. And innumerable precautions are taken to prevent them from making your too personal acquaintance and from forcing the insurance companies to pay out.

The bolts and bars and locks of lion cages are only a detail in the scheme of protection for the public. Bolts and bars are the same the world over. Teeth are not.

At the circus that may visit your home town you may see a man, greatly daring, put his head into the lion's mouth. You are terrified for him. You see those teeth in the distance from the far side of the ring, and you shrink with horror at the thought that, if the lion escaped, its teeth might meet in the flesh of your body.

BUT you need not fear, even if the lion should escape.

Its teeth are made of white rubber.

A number of the lions of Britain have rubber teeth. They are old lions whose teeth have decayed, been extracted under an anæsthetic, and new ones made of rubber substituted. If that lion escaped and attacked you, you might receive a few bruises from the jaws; but the teeth would double up, turn into soft pads and prevent the fleshy jaws from bruising you too much!

Escaping lions are not always so dangerous as they seem. One of those that made a get-away early this year in a Northern country town was an old and docile animal, which escaped not by its own design, but by accident.

It terrified the whole district for twelve hours; mothers kept their children at home; women dared not go shopping. And all the while the harmless old lion was skulking terrified in byways and hedgerows, seeking the peace of its old home—the cage. When the cage was brought to it, the lion walked in like a lamb and found comparative happiness again.

Half the lions that seem to be so savage in "the ring" are being playful even though they show their teeth. They are fed just before they "take the bow," so that if any of them should escape, they will be eager, not for flesh but for peace and rest.

That is just one of the precautions taken, by those who exhibit lions, to safeguard the public.

The captive lion that escapes is invariably terrified of the human being it meets—unless the human being should impede its escape or give it any undue annoyance.

If he should get out . . . But don't worry; he's not half so fierce as he looks and his teeth are made of rubber!

Race with "Silver Ring"

Spring Doubles

FROM the point of view of numbers the entry for the Grand National is quite satisfactory. The cream of our 'chasers and a few invaders from France and America will tackle the hardest jumps in the world for a prize in the neighbourhood of £10,000.

There is no need to gamble heavily on the Spring "double" when odds between 400 and 1,000 to 1 are obtainable.

I mentioned last week that Kilcash Hill would be my main hope for the great race at Aintree. For the purposes of mixed doubles I shall also select Alpine Hut and Milk Punch, and the trio should be coupled with my early fancies for the Lincoln—Snooker, Ole King Sole and Old Riley. I suggest:

Lincoln.	*National.*
Snooker	Kilcash Hill
Ole King Sole	Alpine Hut
Old Riley	Milk Punch

I am pleased to report that Code selections are holding their own. The profit on a level stake during the holiday week was 15 points.

Following this successful run Le Fortium came up for us in the Victory 'Chase, and Theras scored at Worcester.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 11, to Wednesday, January 17.

Z R 98 T F 94 M P U X O A Q C 93 B L W N 96 G E D V Y 97 S K H J I 95

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: FWKAZ94 would read GRAKLE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. O93W96WS2VO would read SIR TROOPS.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin, and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin, it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful.

If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night, every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

AT THE CASINO

SHEILA: Look at that beautiful dancer. That is Naida. She is supposed to be the loveliest woman in the World. She is Venetian. Everybody raves over her lovely skin. She has a special cream she uses.
BARBARA: Oh, Darling! Do tell me what it is.
SHEILA: I asked her hairdresser this morning, and he told me it was a cream called Doge Cream, and he also told me that she never uses soap for her face and neck, only this Doge Cream. Doesn't she look beautiful! I thought the Cream must cost at least 10/- a pot, but you can get it for 1/- and 2/-.
BARBARA: That's wonderful! I shall not rest until I have got some.

Per Pot - - 1/-;
Large Pot - 2/-;
Large Tube 9d.;

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For Free Sample Tube of Doge Cream

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. De9), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX."

"SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving! You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush. The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils. All the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a skin food. All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST WHEN ASKING FOR SHAVEX for a "Shavex" Super Blade. We guarantee it to be the longest lived blade in the world. It is a miracle of sharpness, and the smoothest that one can use on the face. Made of Chrome Steel, and honed by our secret process. Money back if disappointed, and postage.
These marvellous SHAVEX Blades are now 2d. instead of 4d.

Jack: Good heavens, man, aren't you ready yet? We are late already for dinner and may miss the speeches.

Reg.: It's no use. I can't go without a shave. I have not shaved for two days, my skin is too sore and shaving soap only makes it worse.

Jack: Good lord, you don't use the old brush and soap method? Send out at once for a tube of Shavex and your skin will feel soothed and you will shave in a couple of minutes. You will feel as fresh as a daisy and your skin will feel like satin and all the soreness will disappear.

SHAVEX
is sold everywhere in
6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes
and 1/6 Pots.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. R11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

Whether you prefer PLAIN or CORK-TIPPED

Smoke the best—

PLAYER'S

PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

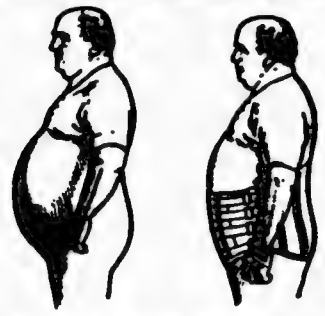
10 FOR 6D

20 FOR 11½D

N.C.C.190.F

THE SPENCER BELT FOR MEN

A Perfect Support for RUPTURE, OBESITY, STRAINED BACK, HERNIA.



Note improved appearance of stout man after putting on a Spencer Belt.

The Spencer Belt is individually designed to meet the needs of the man who is to wear it.

Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from backache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

Spencer Belts are very serviceable, for they are made of superior materials, and are guaranteed never to lose their shape.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetière.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports.

Branch Offices and Salons:

LONDON: 96, Regent St., W.1 Tel. Regent 6206
GLASGOW: 86, St. Vincent St., C.2. Central 3232
BIRMINGHAM: 67, Newhall St., 3. Central 7125
LIVERPOOL: 19, Church St., 1. Royal 4021
BRISTOL: 22, Clare St., 1. Bristol 24801

FOOTBALL

GET THE "BIG TWO"

CHALLENGER FOOTBALL

NOTHING BARRED **LISTS** NOTHING STARRED

SIX LEAGUES TO CHOOSE FROM

LONG ODDS NOW FOR THE ENGLISH CUP

Send for Price List

THE SAME GENEROUS TERMS

OVER THE STICKS

as for the Flat.

NO LIMIT—WIN or PLACE WINNINGS BY RETURN

Any amount from 1/- may be invested by letter in accordance with rules. Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than set time of any race will be on at FULL STARTING PRICE. Registered Letters must be posted overnight.

Fill in this Coupon for particulars of FREE WRITING SET.

Name .....
I am over 21
Address .....
Town .....
J.B. County .....

POST NOW TO

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD.
Bath Street GLASGOW C.2

When I Beat FEAR . . .

by

LETTER PARLIAMENT *Contributors*

I WAS living in India at the time, and returned home one day, expecting to see my young son spring forth to greet me. But no! Silence ruled. I looked through the door, and to my horror saw him asleep on the floor, with a large tiger standing over him.

I was paralysed with terror, and perspiration dripped from my brow. Gradually self-control returned, and I raised my rifle. Half-blinded with fear, I took aim, and fired. My boy was saved!—*H. T. S., Hants.*

Faced Boldly

The aural specialist shook his head ominously.

That same night, whilst at the handles of my underground engine, I faced my fears boldly. If the manager knew of my trouble I'd be removed, for an accident might occur through mis-hearing the signals.

The decision was made—this would be my last shift down the pit.

I'd to wait many months before getting work where deafness was no bar, but I never regretted taking fear by the throat that night in the mine.—*R. H., New Seaham.*

Bluff

I was once accosted by two big and dirty ruffians on a lonely road at night-time. Having an injured leg encased in a surgical appliance, I was terrified of any injury which might easily mean an amputation.

After some breath-taking moments I conquered my fear with an effort, swung my stick and shouted, "Come on! I'll smash your heads in and take you to the police station afterwards!" My heart was pounding whilst I said it.

They thought I was a plain-clothes policeman, and bolted at the earliest opportunity.—*C. B., Birmingham.*

Just in Time

My wife awakened me to say that a glare was showing through the kitchen door.

Rushing downstairs, I found a glass-bowled paraffin lamp ablaze and evidently on the point of bursting.

Overcoming my instinct to retreat and rouse the family, I grabbed the stem of the lamp and hurled it into the back garden.

The lamp burst as it left my hand and the flaming oil burnt me severely, but the house was saved from possible destruction.—*L. T., Surrey.*

Held Tight

My motor-coach brakes failed on a notoriously steep hill.

The vehicle was gathering speed at an alarming rate, and when I remembered that this hill descended steeply, like a spiral staircase, ending with sharp left and right turns, through a village, the most awful feeling of weakness overcame me. The perspiration streamed into my eyes, and I had an overpowering impulse to jump for it.

Then I remembered that twenty lives depended on me. I just gripped the wheel firmly as we careered madly around the bends.

Thank God there were no obstructions, and we came through safely.—*L. D., Cardiff.*

Found Manhood

Always a nervous boy, I went in terror of a gang of young hooligans who terrorised the school.

One day I saw three of them tormenting a "prisoner," and was about to sneak away when I noticed their victim was a girl. I stood for a moment trembling, fear stronger than indignation; then a cry of pain from the girl snapped something within me. I flung myself at her tormentors, a shouting, fighting, fearless fury.

Before I knew what had happened I stood, victorious, drinking in the adoration of the rescued. I had beaten fear—I had found my manhood.—*H. B., Bedford.*

Clear Thinking

As I was turning towards the aerodrome to land from my first solo flight, I got into an airpocket, and the machine went into a spin.

I was seized with panic, and jerked the controls this way and that, but the 'plane continued to spin rapidly towards the earth.

Only a few seconds separated me from disaster, when, with a great effort, I overcame my fear, and thought clearly. Centralising the controls brought the machine out of the spin into a dive, from which I made a safe, though bumpy, landing.—*A. J., Purley.*

Up and Over

As a child, I had an inordinate fear of the vaulting-horse. This, unfortunately for me, was an almost invariable feature of the school "gym" classes, and caused me many unhappy moments.

One day, however, I determined to overcome my fear. My old misgivings were aroused when my turn arrived, and I hesitated for a moment; then came the firm, encouraging voice of the teacher, and I swung up and over—my fear all but overcome.—*E. F. F., Herts.*

"Snake" Cure

When my daughter, born in India, was fifteen years old, she was terrified of snakes.

Cold sweat would break from her; every bone and every nerve in her seemed to tremble.

I decided to cure her, and used the method of an old Indian fakir.

We were in the drawing-room, and I said to her. "I have in my hand a snake, a live one, take it, *take it!*"

Five minutes of indescribable terror followed. But I made her take it, a mere black silken cord. To-day she is no longer frightened.—"*Believer,*" *Glam.*

Concertina Ditties

I was working on a tramp steamer plying between Bahia and Pernambuco, the skipper, two engineers and myself being British, and the crew natives.

One day we ran into a typhoon, our crankshaft split, and the ship was thrown nearly on her beam ends.

The crew, huddled together in the fo'c'sle, were on the verge of panic.

I hurried forward with my concertina and played some rollicking music-hall ditties. The effect was striking. The men went humming merrily to their stations and soon got things ship-shape again.—*C. C., Woolston.*

* * *

Always afraid of heavy traffic, I took my stand on a narrow kerb at the entrance to a 'bus garage, and there forced myself to stand while dozens of 'buses missed me by inches.—*L. J., Purley.*

Ashamed of my fear of a suddenly mad barber slashing at my windpipe, I determined to go for a shave every morning for a week.—*B. H., Brighton.*

As I entered the examiner's room, I began to feel afraid. Later, when I was awarded a scholarship, I knew I had won my fight with "fear."—"*Schoolboy*" *Glossop.*

The day I plucked up courage to go to the dentist's to have ten teeth extracted after having funked going for over five years.—*A. J., Selly Oak.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post *Tuesday*, January 16.

When I Wished I Was { a Man / a Woman

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on January 13

ENGLISH CUP.—ROUND 3.

(1) LEEDS v. Preston.
(2) Plymouth v. HUDDERSFIELD.
(3) HOTSPUR v. Everton.
(4) BURNLEY v. Bury.
(5) Chesterfield v. VILLA.
**(6) GRIMSBY v. Orient.
*(7) TRANMERE v. Southend.
(8) C PALACE v. Aldershot.
(9) Manchester U. v. PORTSMOUTH.
(10) Workington v. GATESHEAD.
*(11) SOUTHAMPTON v. Northampton.
(12) Chelsea v. W.B. ALBION.
*(13) Bristol C. v. DERBY.
(14) Rotherham v. WEDNESDAY.
(15) CHARLTON v. Port Vale.
(16) FOREST v. Q.P. Rangers.
(17) HULL v. Brentford.
(18) STOKE v. Bradford.
(19) READING v Oldham.
(20) BIRMINGHAM v. Sheffield United.
(21) BRIGHTON v. Swindon.
**(22) BOLTON v. Halifax.
(23) SUNDERLAND v. Middlesbrough.
(24) MILLWALL v. Accrington.
(25) Wolverhampton v. Newcastle.
(26) Cheltenham v. BLACKPOOL.
(27) MANCHESTER C. v. Blackburn.
**(28) LIVERPOOL v. Fulham.
(29) Luton v. ARSENAL.
(30) SWANSEA v. Notts County.
*(31) LEICESTER v. Lincoln.
(32) West Ham v. Bradford C.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) Watford v. Norwich.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) Mansfield v. STOCKPORT.
*(2) BARNSLEY v. Carlisle.
(3) Rochdale v. Doncaster.
*(4) SOUTHPORT v. N. Brighton.
(5) Wrexham v. Crewe.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

*(1) FALKIRK v. Partick.
(2) Queen's Park v. St. Mirren.
**(3) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Airdrie.
**(4) ABERDEEN v. Third Lanark.
(5) CLYDE v. Cowdenbeath.
(6) Hamilton v. AYR.
(7) HEARTS v. Celtic.
**(8) KILMARNOCK v. Hibs.
(9) QUEEN OF SOUTH v. Dundee.
(10) Rangers v. Motherwell.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example code.—English Cup 6 (*H*); Northern Section 2 (*H*); Scottish League 4 (*H*) would indicate Grimsby, Southport and Aberdeen.

On Mondays the *Sporting Life* publishes a list of the dividends declared by the prominent Football Pool firms, enabling you to start the week knowing exactly how you stand. There are forecasts for the following Saturday's games, too.

And every Thursday comes an invaluable aid for punters—the great *Sporting Life* Pool Chart, giving at a glance in handy, tabloid form matches played, results, points, form, and the predictions of experts.

A specimen of this wonderful chart awaits you. Write for your copy to *Sporting Life* (Dept. J.B.), 68, Long Acre, W.C.2.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils. This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in "Zee-Kol" Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL costs 5/6 per lb.

It is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a Soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

Jack: "You are really the most glorious creature under the sun, Neda, and I am not the only one who thinks so. All the evening people have been gazing up at our box looking at you."

Neda: "You are most ridiculous, you know I am no longer young. Many think I am only 26, but I shall be 44 next month. I study the soap I use. All my life I have only used cream to cleanse my face. The ordinary soap has a lot of soda, so I found a marvellous soap called Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap, and it is perfect for my skin. It is composed of Almond Oil, and I should advise you, Jack, to use it yourself. It is not 5/- per tablet—only 6d., and has a most delightful perfume, and this is the secret of my perfect complexion that you admire so much."

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price, 6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

Blended with most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and most natural oil for the skin. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- Large Tablet NOW 6D.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD., (Dept. 514) 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

New FACE POWDER SECRET

Gives "DULL FINISH" to Greasiest Skin

This new discovery will give you a fresh, girlish loveliness no man can resist. Absolutely no trace of shine all day long, whatever you are doing.

The secret is a new process, patented by Poudre Tokalon, by which "Mousse of Cream" is blended with the finest triple silk-sifted powder. That is what makes Poudre Tokalon cling five times as long as all other powders. Even after a long evening's dancing in a hot room your complexion is as fresh and lovely as when you began.

The "Mousse of Cream" in Poudre Tokalon prevents it from drying up the natural oils of the skin like ordinary powders do, causing it to become rough and dry.

Stays on 5 times as long.

If you would have a marvellous and fascinating complexion that will make you the admiration and envy of all your friends, get a box of Poudre Tokalon to-day. See for yourself how entirely different it is from all other powders, because "Mousse of Cream" is the exclusive secret of Tokalon.

£1,100 and 70 Hampers Won

In CROSSWORD COMPETITION No. 241.

In the above contest, solutions containing one error were received from the following six competitors, who share the £900 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £150 will be sent.

J. W. Hayward, Hempton, Almondsbury, Nr. Bristol.
A. Manning, 154, Grosvenythe Lane, Carshalton.
E. G. Napier, 134, Springfield Road, Brighton.
C. D. Taylor, 2, Alexandra Avenue, Whitefield, Lancs.
Mrs. Walker, Jersey Farm, Ramsgreave, Nr. Blackburn.
A. F. West, 136, Park Street South, Blakenhall, Wolverhampton.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, January 23, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 70 competitors from whom we received solutions containing two errors and who will each receive £1 8s. 7d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above awards, the 70 competitors sharing the £100 for Runners-up will receive an extra award of A Giant Party Hamper.

Another Splendid X-word appears on page 36. Try your skill now.

SKIN DISEASES

Cured in a Night

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my thousand body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Haemorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire and for Rheumatism.

FREED! from pain of

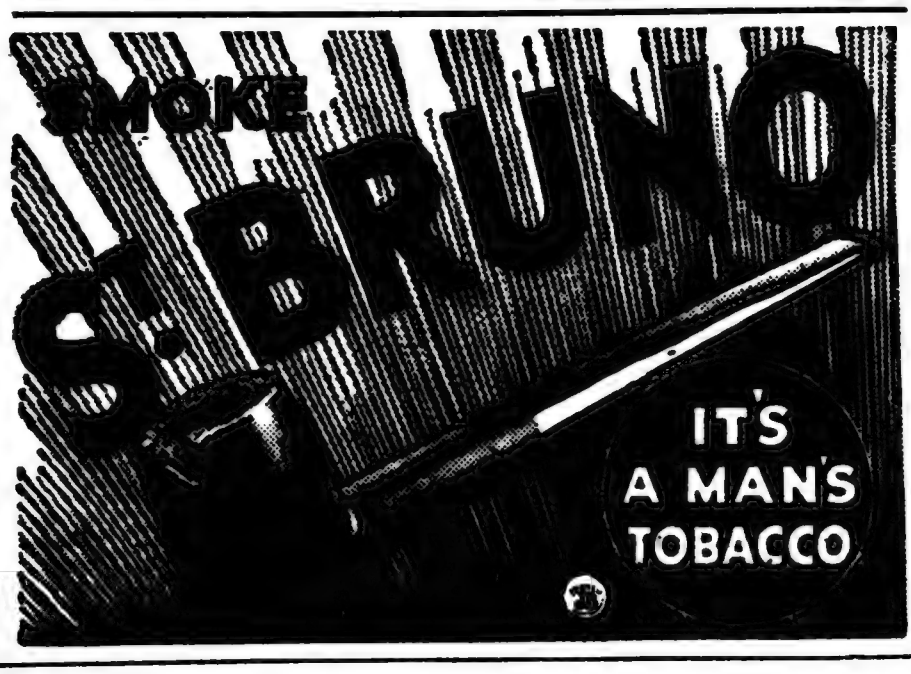
Throw away that burning poultice! Lion Ointment will draw the poison out quicker, with far less pain. And Lion Ointment heals cleanly, surely.
Thousands of grateful testimonials prove what wonders Lion has worked for 86 years. "Should have lost my arm, but for Lion" (Mr. J. B., S. Africa). "Cured a very large Carbuncle with only one box" (Mr. O., Blackfriars). "Amazed at the result of one application" (Nurse M. F., Ealing). Lion brings the poison OUT first; then forms a clean, new, healthy skin from underneath. No burning poultices; no painful squeezing. Soothes while it heals. Safe, even for infants.

BOILS, CARBUNCLES WHITLOWS, ABSCESSES, POISONED WOUNDS, PILES, BAD LEGS, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, INFLAMED CORNS.

Also for Scalds, Burns, Bites, Stings.

From Chemists; 1/3, 3/-, 5/-, per box. Or direct from Edwin Burgess, Ltd., 39, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

LION OINTMENT 1/3



LAST GREAT PENSION *plus* FORTUNE PRIZE *and* . . .

£2 EVERY SATURDAY FOR LIFE . . .
PLUS
£500 CASH
OR ONE LUMP SUM OF . .
£900
£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP
£100 EXTRA BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVED TWO 6d. ENTRIES IN SAME ENVELOPE . . .
FINAL GIANT PARTY HAMPERS
TEN
SEASONABLE LUXURIES ARE IN EACH OF THESE GIANT HAMPERS TO BE GIVEN WITH EVERY PRIZE OF £1 OR OVER
Plump Surrey Fowl. Sausages
Plum Pudding. Cake. Fruit
Chocolates. Cigarettes
Crackers. Biscuits
Bottle of Fine Old Port
PORT
244

WITH this week's entertaining puzzle comes the last of the present series of huge Pension-plus-Cash First Prizes.

One of your squares can make you the winner of £2 a week for life and £500 in cash—or the fine sum of £900, if preferred.

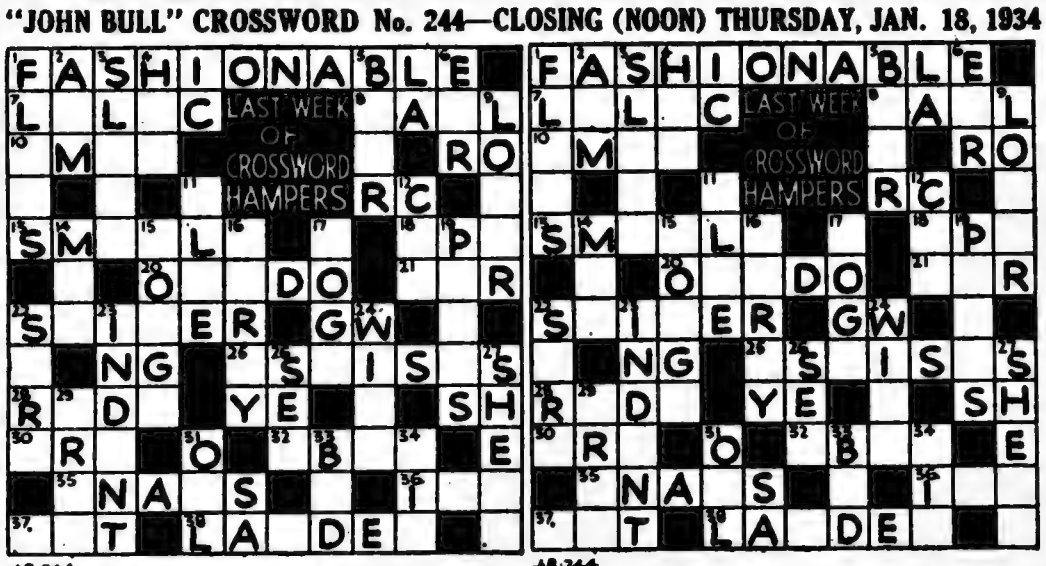
This week, also, you have a final opportunity to win one of the Giant Hampers which have brought memorable feasts to hundreds of successful solvers in recent weeks.

These are in addition to the splendid sum of £200 to be shared by Runners-up on the terms announced, an award which brings tremendous satisfaction to those who just miss the top of our prize-list.

Thus, by making an entry this week, you will be filling the coming weeks with thrilling possibilities. So settle down this evening to a quiet study of the Puzzle below, consider carefully each word of the common-sense Clues and see that your entry is in by noon, Thursday, January 18.

JOHN BULL will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £500 Cash (or a lump sum of £900) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. A giant Party Hamper will be added to each prize of £1 or more. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, January 25, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 244—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 18, 1934



J.B.244

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

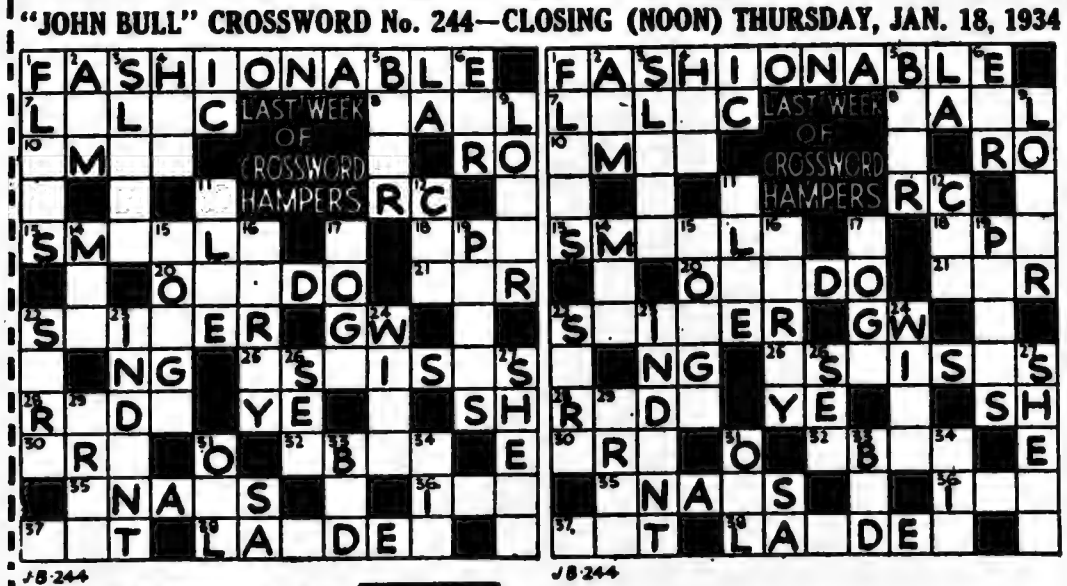
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 244—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JAN. 18, 1934



J.B.244

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

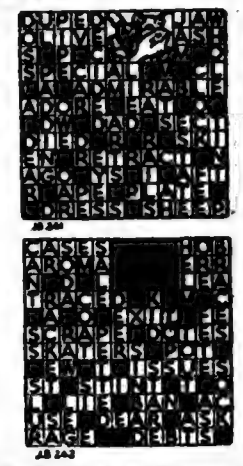
ADDRESS .....

.....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

FREE HELP with "John Bull's" puzzles awaits you in the **Crossword Gazette.** Register on **Bulletin** coupon in "Bullets" page.

Solution of John Bull X-Words Nos. 241 and 242



Winners in Crossword No. 241 appear on page 35. Winners in Crossword No. 242 will be published next week.

The solutions of "John Bull" Crosswords Nos. 241 and 242 are given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

J.B.244

J.B.244

J.B.244

J.B.244

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. All the rage
7. It blooms in the spring
8. Nobleman
10. In the middle
13. Odours
18. Animal resembling man
20. Surpass in anything
21. Where drinks are served
22. It weaves a web
25. What helper does
28. Such youngsters should be smacked
30. Before
32. Between the sheets
35. Dog does, to a bone
36. Often causes loss of balance
37. Sometimes keeps would-be visitors away
38. Rich bachelor is, by match-making mamma

DOWN

1. Landlord should attend to these
2. Sight a gun
3. Slippery ground may cause this
4. Swindled
5. A sore head is attributed to this
6. Go wrong
9. All the world loves a good one
11. Brush sometimes sticks in this
12. Carries passengers and luggage
14. Specially useful for getting into out-of-the-way corners
15. Often at gates of mansion
16. Wander
17. We get used to thick ones in winter
19. Comedian scores in funny ones
22. Boxer often is, about result
23. Make a dent in
24. Often goes quickly to the head
26. Surrounds those isles
27. Provides covering
29. Persuade strongly
31. Bird which looks wise
33. Is sometimes made for stocks
34. Past tense of "do"

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, January 18, 1934.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 1, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, February 13, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should First Prize be shared £900 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

ENTRY FEE

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING See Rule 1.

Address Entry

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORDS No. 244, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

(Comp.)

The Editor laughs last

HORACE (Gillingham).—"I'm always nervous when introduced." Your hand shakes?

B. D. (Middlesbrough).—"I took my neighbour's cockerel a lark." There must be something ng with your eyes.

USINESS MAN (Croydon).—"A good r is always much sought after." So bad one, sometimes.

F. (Finchley).—"Does a girl prefer ith or appearance in a man?" Appear- , and the sooner the better.

ACHER (London, W.).—"The English in business letters jars upon me." should pay your bills more promptly.

ELLRINGER (York).—"I recently took in a keen contest." It must have n a ding-dong struggle.

B. (Sawston).—"Who first said an le a day keeps the doctor away?" bably somebody in Covent Garden.

. B (Ventnor).—"I get a lot of smiles of this page." That's why we have to putting new ones in.

R. T. (Yarmouth).—"I never see any nour in being snowballed." You mean eaves you cold.

B. (Loughton).—"Can you tell what aradox is?" A man walking a mile only moving two feet.

OXER (Teignmouth).—"Fighters should id alcoholic drinks when training." ticularly punch.

OHN (Birkenhead).—"I am a ant relation of a well-known llionaire." And does he make keep your distance?

IRDIE (King's Heath).—"The st craze is orange-coloured ks." The very thing to slip

AT (Dublin).—"It seems that men try to dominate men." oman makes her husband's her won't.

KATER (Boston).—"Although et plenty of tumbles I always with joy when Jack Frost is at work." eze a jolly good feller?

ISTORIAN (Chester).—"Why did Napo- n call us a nation of shopkeepers?" was afraid of our "counter" attack.

. M. (Margate).—"A cat drinks slowly daintily." Nevertheless, we have seen hirsty tabby do an astonishing number laps to the minute.

ISS ETIQUETTE (Hull).—"I have no rds to describe the man who wears es with evening kit." We have— glar.

COTTY (Leith). — "My countrymen uld rather go to a Cup Final than any gue football match." Well, there is hance of extra play.

ORMER ATHLETE (Sutton).—"My con- nt failure to vault my garden-wall is ying on my nerves." You just can't over it.

EORGE (Dover).—"From your remarks might think that anglers never catch thing." Sorry! We had forgotten ut 'flu.

. T. (Mayfair).—"After a hectic party ept until the afternoon." At least, avoided that "morning after" feel- .

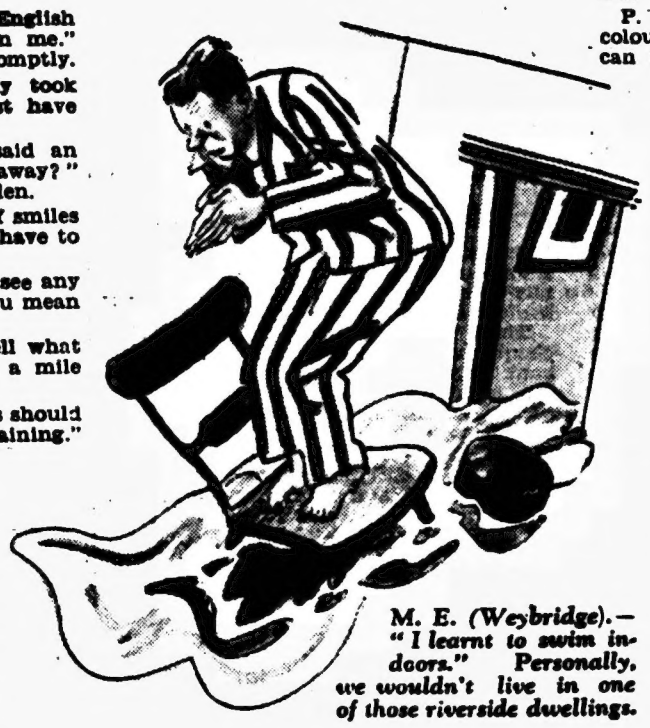
EGIMENTAL SOLOIST (Southampton).— ost men are moved when I sing to m 'Whisper and I shall Hear.'" Par- ularly the seasoned sergeant-majors.

H. G. (Hitchin). "I went down my knees and plored him to me have the . but he re- sed." Some small s are very sel- n with their new gines.

R. Y. (Leicester). "Our projected ateur dramatic oduction was ndoned because the impossibility getting a woman itable for the ief part." Was it ilent film?

JOHN (Dunferm- e).—"I have worked as a locksmith twenty-two years and never had a 's illness." But, then, you should be lthy, making your living out of doors.

. F. (Sunderland).—"At the wedding a road repairer the happy couple left church under an archway of pneu- tic drills." Doubtless the bridegroom d his pick on his arm!



M. E. (Weybridge).—"I learnt to swim indoors." Personally, we wouldn't live in one of those riverside dwellings.

J. G. (Oldham).—"I'm fighting with my conscience." A featherweight contest.

CURIOUS (Malden).—"How do they buy footballers?" At so much per foot.

M. G. (Coventry).—"Whatever use are dog skins?" They keep the dog warm.

R. B. (Rayleigh).—"I look upon tales about beings in Mars as silly rot." Too far-fetched?

BETTY (Balham).—"I was only asked to sing when the party was breaking up." Wanted you to speed the parting guests?

JOCK (Edinburgh).—"I lifted a load of 200 lb. from the floor twenty times." And finally had to call a porter?

MRS. T. (Ilchester).—"You should have seen my first Yorkshire pudding. . . ." We presume it fell flat.

MOTORIST (Thetford).—"My car is much too heavily taxed." Fortunately, we have no sixteen stone relatives.

M. A. (Rothwell).—"Many people are buying aeroplanes by instalments." On the higher purchase system?

TOM (Derby).—"At our last reunion dinner we all drank to excess." A strange toast!

T. J. (Bloomsbury).—"A novelist friend of mine has an excellent stock of wine." His best cellar?

STUDENT (Ilford).—"I have read many books, but I still have a thirst for knowledge." Perhaps you have only read dry books.

F. M. (Acton).—"There's no accounting for me." Are you an unemployed auditor?

R. N. (Wivenhoe).—"There was a bit of a breeze at our village football match." Too many local fans?

NURSE (Northampton).—"My patient is for ever running people down." A sort of bedridden roadhog.

W. B. (Bury).—"I have disinherited my son because he gambles." You are leaving nothing to chance, in other words?

W. S. (Kensington).—"I missed being hit by inches when standing near an archery target." An arrow escape indeed.

T. N. (Baldock).—"What can a farmer do when the Hunt breaks down his hedges and fences?" Grumble.

B. B. (Pampisford).—"I know of a better cure for influenza than whisky." But who wants a better one?

P. B. (St. Osyth).—"I can distinguish colours by touch." What of it? Anybody can feel blue.

D. B. (Rugby).—"War does not determine who is right." No, but it often settles who is left.

P. B. (Luton).—"Everybody in our office is either a fool or a rogue." Which are you?

J. MACD. (Glasgow).—"I know a good joke when I see one." That is some time afterwards, of course.

F. M. (Southsea).—"A Manx cat is shy and reserved." Never does he a tail unfold.

N. B. (Dawlish).—"We don't hear anything about the nudists now." They've nothing on.

K. B. (Sheffield).—"I got into trouble at home for joining in a raffle for a turkey." Win or lose, you got the bird?

G. M. (Cardiff).—"My wife is very interested in antiques." So your value increases as time goes on.

PROFESSOR (London).—"I am lecturing on camels next week." We bet your audience will get the hump all right.

R. M. (Hounslow).—"I recently attended a whist drive which was held in a kinema." Ever held hands there before?

N. D. (Swansea).—"There is a bright side to everything." Yes, even to last year's suit.

J. Y. (Maidenhead).—"Why do writers nearly always talk of a retired colonel as having 'iron-grey' hair?" Well, old soldiers never dye.

R. D. M. (Ainsdale).—"What do we want with Russian tea?" The answer's a lemon.

C. D. F. (Hull).—"I've never had the chance of earning more than £3 a week." You should look at page 39. There is your opportunity to win over six years' pay with a Life Pension—and all for half an hour's work!

NOVELIST (Bayswater).—"I've written a novel all women should read. Can you suggest a title that will attract them?" What about "The Last Word"?

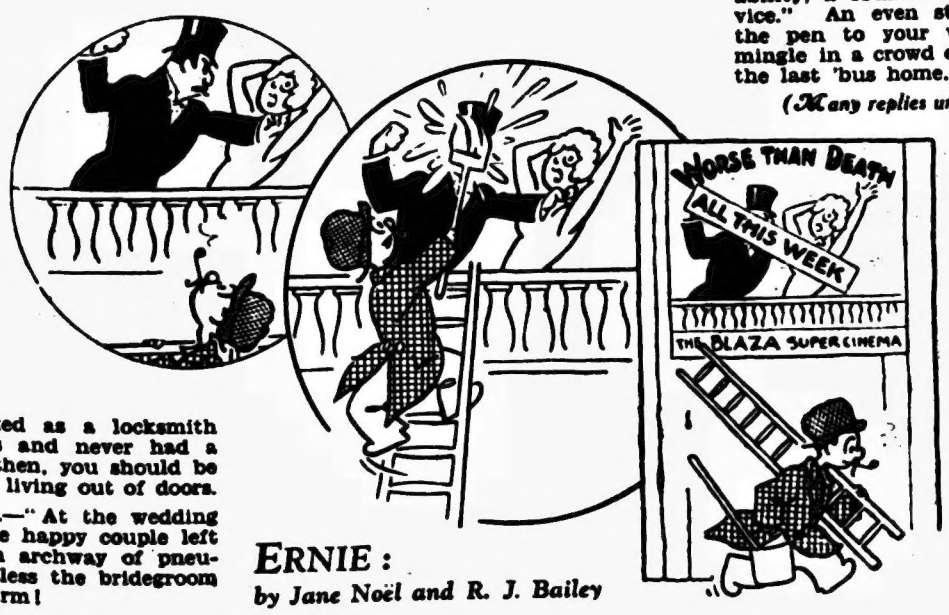
ALGY (Norwood).—"I think gate-crashing is the jolliest sport imaginable." Yes, but apt to be rather dangerous at a level crossing just when the Scots express is timed to go through.

FILM FAN (Peebles).—"In Hollywood it is the handsome man or beautiful woman who earns the big money." In other words, it's the good-looker who earns the good lucre.

BARBER (Pontefract).—"Singeing is quite a modern device." But we seem to remember something about Drake singeing the King of Spain's beard over three hundred years ago.

H. K. (Hitchin).—"To test its durability, a fountain-pen is squeezed in a vice." An even sterner test is to clip the pen to your waistcoat pocket and mingle in a crowd endeavouring to board the last 'bus home.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)



ERNIE :
by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

The Proven STOMACH REMEDY for Bad Cases

For over 20 years 'Bisurated' Magnesia has been curing stomach disorders. The following authentic cases are typical of the countless former sufferers who now enjoy the blessing of good digestion, thanks to the unfailing efficacy of 'Bisurated' Magnesia.

PROSTRATED WITH PAIN DUE TO STOMACH TROUBLE

from a recent photo of Mrs. Bulman.

'Bisurated' Magnesia BROUGHT INSTANT RELIEF!

Mr. Bulman, of Hull writes:—"My wife suffered stomach trouble for fifteen years, tried nearly everything possible without relief until she tried 'Bisurated' Magnesia which worked wonders. There is nothing to beat it, and after what I have seen her suffer, absolutely prostrated with pain, I think it my duty to sufferers to let them know of your wonderful remedy."

This remarkable cure was effected by 'Bisurated' Magnesia after other methods had failed!

"SEVERE PAINS IN STOMACH RELIEVED"

from a recent photo of Mr. E. Kelland.

says Mr. Kelland of Exeter, who writes: "For a long time I suffered severe pains in my stomach; it seemed to be getting worse until I dreaded eating anything. The pain got so bad I was afraid I had a malignant growth in my stomach. I was advised to try 'Bisurated' Magnesia—the very first dose relieved the pain and now I can eat practically anything without any pain whatever. I am 74 years old and life seems worth living again."

After years of torture 'Bisurated' Magnesia brought him complete and lasting relief!

Its Action Explained—

Simply take a teaspoonful of the powder or two to four tablets in a little water. The moment this soothing draught reaches the tortured stomach it begins to sweeten the sour, fermenting, undigested food. The contents of the stomach become as bland and soothing as milk to the sensitive stomach lining. The pain quickly lessens and presently disappears. By following up the treatment after each meal, your harassed stomach will lose its tenderness and grow strong, until you can eat whatever you like and enjoy every meal, without fear of wind and pain to follow. Get a 1/3 bottle from the nearest chemist to-day and try it—the relief will be a revelation to you.

Made in the Pharmaceutical Laboratories at Braydon Road, London, N.16. Manufacturers of Fine Pharmaceuticals for over 20 years.
Proprietors: BISMAG LTD.

WHY MARRIED WOMEN LOSE THEIR LOOKS.

Even if you have all the cares of a household on your shoulders, you needn't lose your looks. Work and worry only affect you because you take nothing to counteract them.

If you find yourself giving way to worry, find your looks going, your nerves getting "jumpy," take a glass of Wincarnis at 11.30, another in the afternoon, and one before you go to bed. The very first night you will sleep better than you have for years, and wake up refreshed and re-invigorated. Your nerves will trouble you no more. In a few days your looks will begin to come back.

For Wincarnis, which has the vitamins and strength-giving elements of beef and malt extracts added to the valuable properties of the purest wine, actually creates rich, new blood. It soothes jaded nerves and builds up fresh strength. Over 20,000 recommendations have been received from medical men for anæmia, weakness, debility, and a host of other troubles. Try it to-day.

after SMOKING

Soothe tickling throats. Freshen the mouth.

VICK LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

FREE
Real Silk HANKY PUFF

AMAZING OFFER
For Few Days Only

Any woman can now quickly get a fresh, clear unblemished skin and beautiful complexion. Great Specialists agree that the greatest beautifiers of the skin are dairy cream and olive oil. These are combined in Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. They penetrate into the pores and remove deep-seated impurities which soap and water cannot reach. Blackheads quickly disappear. Other tonic and astringent ingredients soon contract ugly enlarged pores and give the skin a smooth, girlish beauty. Use Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (non-greasy) during the day.

If you want to look ten years younger, use Tokalon 'Biocel' Skinfood at night. 'Biocel,' the discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal, of Vienna, is the precious, natural element the skin itself contains and must have to look young. Rejuvenates the skin; removes wrinkles and tones up sagging facial muscles.

For a few days only a real silk handkerchief puff will be given Free with each purchase of any of the following Tokalon products:
1/- jar Vanishing Skinfood 1/3 jar 'Biocel' Skinfood
1/- box Poudre Tokalon 1/- New Tokalon Compact
Ask your Chemist to show you the range of pastel shades, and take the one you prefer.

GET YOURS TODAY
Before Your Dealer is Sold Out

This offer does not apply in Irish Free State.

OUR MESSAGE TO BORSTAL

Pleasant Surprise for Hospital Officer

"YOUR wife can't speak to you—she's helpless with excitement. You've won *Bullets* First Prize!"

That was the thrilling telephone message which came through one recent Friday for an officer in the Portland Borstal Institution Hospital.

Soon Mr. R. J. Rees, of I.5 Quarters, was holding in his hand that slip of paper which every "Bulleteer" looks forward to—his First Prize telegram. It brought the news that his ingenious, double-meaning *Bullet*, GIVES ME A PAIN —"LIMB" WRAPPED IN "COTTON-WOOL," had secured £300 and a Radio Set in our 919th Contest.

Whilst a triumph like this comes to some "Bulleteers" only after months or even years of patient plodding, Mr. Rees has shown that a new entrant who works on the right lines can speedily reach the top of the prize-list.

To-day he recalls with a chuckle the good-natured chaff of those who used to prophesy that he would never be a big winner in *Bullets*. "The boys used to say 'Fancy dad going in,'" he recalls. "And my wife used to tell me not to waste my time."

In spite of these taunts Mr. Rees determined to see what he could do. Uppermost in his mind were the needs of his growing family and the fact that wages do not grow up also.

After two weeks without success, Mr. Rees decided to call in the free weekly aid which every would-be winner can receive from JOHN BULL every Thursday.

"I ordered a regular supply of *Bullets Bulletin*," this winner relates, "and there found all I wanted to know. I could pick and choose from the wealth of years of experience of other competitors.

"I had to scrap all my first ideas," he goes on, "and studiously follow the advice in its pages. My first entry after this brought along a 'Target' prize, so I knew I was on the right track. I do not think any competitor can afford to be without *Bullets Bulletin*."

There is plenty of good work for that cheque which Mr. Rees has paid into the bank this week.

A holiday for his family and help for his relations are already decided upon—and the rest will go to help with the education of his children and the purchase of a house when he retires.

That is what £300 cash can do to help a man with a modest income. Think of how much more will be within the reach of the entrant who hooks the Long Acre Monster offered this week.

Look back at that *Bullet* which Mr. Rees fitted together. It is no more than a few simple words which you might well have thought of. And amongst the First Prize efforts below there is not one which you could not have constructed.

Therefore there is no reason why you should not add a First Prize *Bullet* to one of the *Examples* on the opposite page. And if one of your efforts heads the prize-list, you will win a Life Pension of 30s. a week and a huge lump sum of £1,000.

Make the most of this record one-week opportunity and our First Prize telegram on Friday, February 2, may well be addressed to you.

Nobody thought he'd win, but . . .

GIANT NEW PRIZE COMING SHORTLY!

For *Bullets* No. 925 we shall offer a colossal new 2-in-1 prize of £3,000 in cash, plus a fully-paid £1,000 Life Assurance Policy, providing wealth for the winner and security for his dependents.

Look out for this Sensational Offer which also includes 1,934 Surprise Awards!

SECRET OF 30 SUCCESSES

"I STUDIED the winning *Bullets* keenly," says Mr. R. J. Rees, the *Bullets Bulletin* reader, who tells of his First Prize success above.

Since you will not be able to study the winners in *Bullets* No. 920 until next week's JOHN BULL appears, we recall below for your assistance thirty First Prize *Bullets* of the past.

Examine each one carefully and you will observe that its idea is expressed clearly and neatly, in simple everyday words. There is not one, in fact, that you could not have made up yourself.

A notable point about these efforts is that every one was constructed by a competitor who had sought the free weekly aid of *Bullets Bulletin*, that invaluable free guide to the prize-list which can be yours each Thursday.

"A priceless help"—that is Mr. Rees' tribute to this bright budget of competition hints. Its pages have shown scores of competitors the way to the top of the prize-list.

Secure a twelve weeks' supply yourself by posting off to-night the coupon on the opposite page. You pay only the bare cost of postage—but the help you receive may make you rich for life!

IN THE FADING LIGHT—"THE BOOK'S" BROUGHT NEARER.
THE WORST—OF US, OF USE.
PRICE OF PLEASURE—CHEAP, IF "DEAREST" REASONABLE.
HAPPY PAIR—"CLOSE CALL" CALLED CLOSER.
HER MOTHER—MAKES SERGEANT SEEM MOTHERLY.
ALL FATHER CAN DO—WHISPER "GET WELL, BABY!"
HOPELESS—THINGS SEEM? THINK! SCHEME!
MAN'S RIGHT—HAND—SCIENCE, RIGHTLY HANDLED.
BY THE STREAM—"MILLSTONE" FLOATS GENTLY AWAY.
ROUND THE WORLD—"BENDING"—WORLD ROUNDING BEND.
TO PUT THINGS RIGHT—FIX "STANDARDS" *Above* GOLD.
AT THE CONFERENCE—WORD-SPINNING—WORLD REELING.
CURE FOR DEPRESSION—"QUICK ONE," QUACK ONE.
GARDEN OF PEACE—HELP YOURSELF "TO PRODUCE"!
IN A WEAK MOMENT—DON'T OVERTHROW "LIFE'S EDIFICE."
FEARSOME BEAST—IN TO-DAY'S JUNGLE—TO-MORROW?
FOR SERVICES RENDERED—KING "PINNED ON CROSS."
WE NEED—TO NEED, TO HEED.
FIGHTING SPIRIT—FORTUNATELY "MY DOVE'S" *Got*.
HER LOVE—"UMBRELLA" MOTHER *Never* LOSES.
PRETTY TOUGH—WHEN "TENDER" YEARS "UGLY."
POOR MAN'S FAMILY—GOING'S HARD—PARTING'S HARDER.
SILVERY HAIRS—LOT ON UNEMPLOYMENT'S HEAD.
SELLING HIS CAR—AFTER "ARGUMENT WITH BANK."
A HIGHWAYMAN—PESSIMISM—HOLD *Yourself* UP!
THE PLODDER—GAVE SON "FLYING" START.
ALL WE DO—ABOUT MESS—MESS ABOUT!
IN HER HANDS—WOOL BECOMES "LAMB'S COAT."
MOTHER'S JOY—WATCHING HER "*Manikin* PARADE."
SHE GLANCED ROUND AND—SHE'S "ENCOURAGING ME" STILL.

HOW FAMOUS PUBLIC SCHOOL CURES COUGHS.

At this time of the year it is particularly interesting to know how one of the most famous of our Public Schools treats coughs, sore throat, etc., amongst its scholars. The Matron of this School writes:—"There are over 1,100 scholars here, and we need some really good cough mixture for our charges. I find 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup does all it claims to do, and I intend to have some always on hand." This school, like many others, uses 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup because it instantly relieves and speedily banishes coughs and other bronchial troubles. The first half-teaspoonful allays irritation, stops coughing, soothes throat soreness and clears choked air-passages. 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup is obtainable of chemists at 1s. 6d. a bottle, and will give you immediate relief, no matter how stubborn your cough or bronchial trouble may be.

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head

First thing every morning put a drop of 'Vapex' on your handkerchief and breathe the germicidal vapour.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V106

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Make sure of having the best by installing GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-Valve Battery-driven self-contained Set. It is a triumph of Radio skill and enterprise, and gives you countless hours of pleasurable entertainment.

Every component the best of its class. Steel Chassis, British Valves, Illuminated Tuning Dial. Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9in. IT HAS A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN. H.T. Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid £8.16.0 or 8/- monthly. Fullest Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS

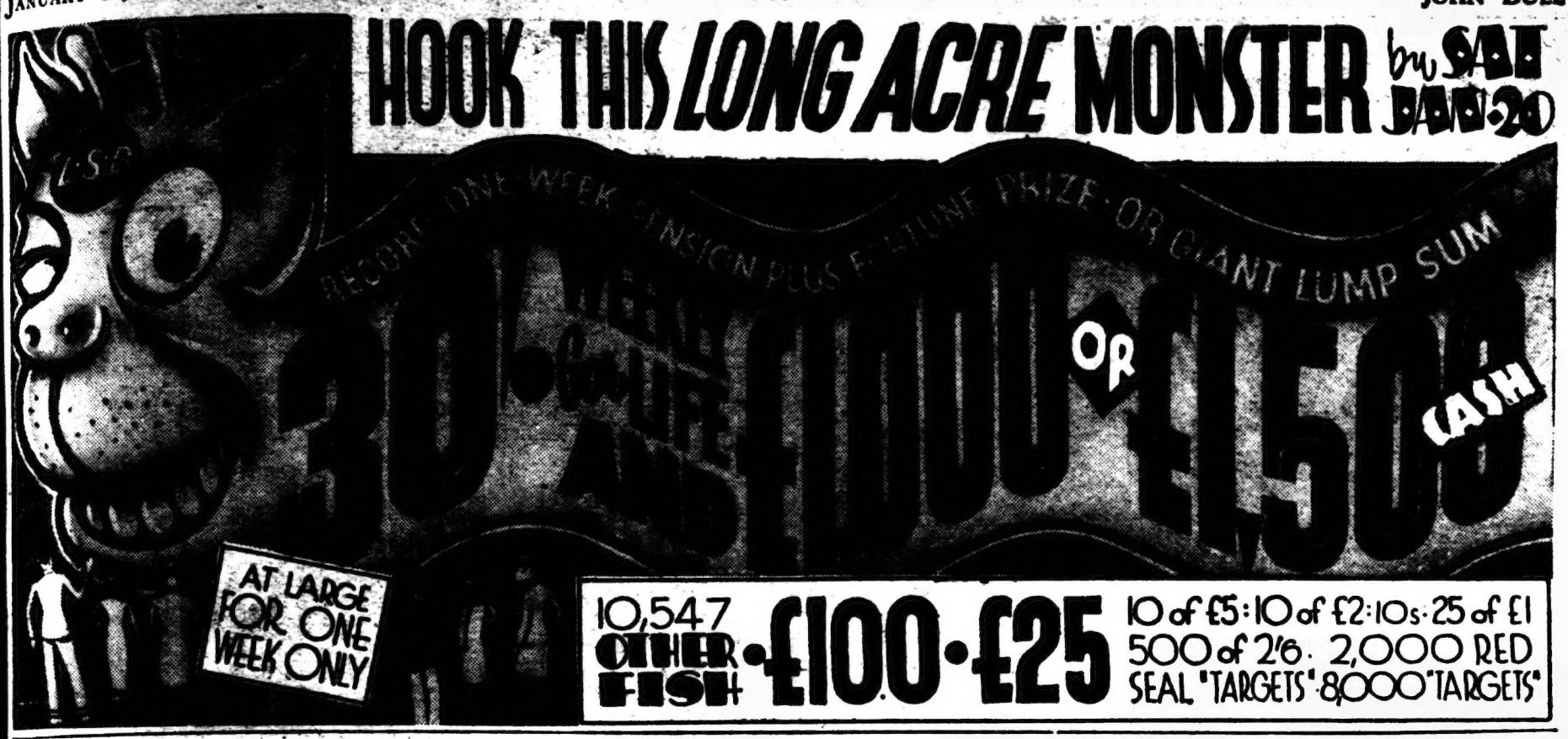
Mr. M. J. of Aylesbury, 19.12.33, writes: 'I am delighted with the Wireless Set. The tone of the speaker is perfection itself.' Mr K. J. of Caterham, 22.12.33, writes:—'I consider the Wireless Set to be of excellent value, and am extremely satisfied with the reception. The tone is ideal.' Mr. D. D of Plumstead, 29.12.33, writes:—'I think the Set does great credit to everyone concerned.'

GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE SET FOR A.C. MAINS

fitted with finest components, including Iron-cored Radio Frequency Coils, latest pattern Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Beautifully figured Walnut Cabinet. Complete in all respects. Carriage Paid £9:9:0 or 12/- monthly. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of these and other models contained Radio Sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD


HOOK THIS LONG ACRE MONSTER
by SAT. JAN. 20
RECORD ONE WEEK IN SIGN PLUS FORTUNE PRIZE OR GIANT LUMP SUM
£1,000
OR
£1,500
CASH
AT LARGE FOR ONE WEEK ONLY
10,547 OTHER FISH
£100 £25
10 of £5 : 10 of £2 : 10s. 25 of £1
500 of 2/6 . 2,000 RED SEAL "TARGETS" 8,000 "TARGETS"

Be Quick to Capture "Bullets" Record Monster!

WHETHER that Loch Ness Monster really exists is open to question. But there is no doubt whatever about the Long Acre Monster which you see above.

To the captor of this enormous fellow JOHN BULL will pay a huge 2-in-1 reward of 30s. Weekly for Life *and* a Fortune of £1,000. If preferred you can select as your prize for a few words the giant lump sum of £1,500 cash.

Remember—this King of *Bullets* Monster Month is a prize which must be won. Within the next few days somebody is going to fit together an effort which will bring independence for life—why should it not be you?

Many other big fish are also waiting to be hooked from the *Bullets* lake this week, so bait the coupons on this page with a few carefully chosen words and see that your lines are in by Saturday, January 20.

THE WAY TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet*, start by reading carefully through the *Examples*, jotting down any rough notes which occur to you from which to build *Bullets*.

As a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, neatly linked to the *Example*, your next step is to transform your rough ideas into a few well-chosen words.

For instance, you might take the *Example*, NATURE'S WEAPONS; your first thought might be *Women Use Them Skilfully*.

Considering carefully how to improve the wording of that rough idea, you could easily arrange your completed *Bullet* to read: "NATURE'S WEAPONS—"ARMAMENTS" WOMEN *Wouldn't* ABOLISH.

To help you further, study carefully the good points of the *Bullets* on the opposite page, all of which have figured in previous prize-lists.

If you appreciate the ingenious phrasing of these efforts you are already well on the road to the prize-list yourself. So get to work on your *Bullets* at once and that First *Prize* telegram on Friday, February 2, may be addressed to you.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

ALL NATIONS
STILL LEADING
NATURE'S WEAPONS
FATAL
GOLDEN LOCKS
GETTING LIGHTER
MAN WITH A GRIEVANCE
FIGHTING FOR LIFE
POOR PEDESTRIAN
I'M PATRIOTIC, BUT
WAITING IN VAIN
STRANGE CREATURE
PUFFING AND BLOWING
WHEN FATHER STARTS
THRUST ASIDE
WITH A SNORT
HUBBY RETURNED AND
FROM DOOR TO DOOR
TRIUMPHANTLY
SOLLY'S WIFE
SPEAKING PLAINLY
INSPIRING
SHE WOULDN'T LISTEN, SO
CHANGED HIS TUNE
FINAL WARNING
HUMAN ENCYCLOPAEDIA
MADE HIM WILD
EASY
WHEN SHE AWOKE
BETWEEN TWO FIRES
BUBBLES
DURING THE STORM
NOT ALLOWED
LIKE A MADMAN
WITHOUT THINKING
MOVING WITH THE TIMES

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 923 usually purchase "John Bull."

8 PAGES OF FREE HELP!

"I owe my prize to the help of *Bullets Bulletin*." These are no empty words that come in letter after letter acknowledging big *Bullets* prizes. You will realise that as soon as you see a copy of JOHN BULL'S free weekly budget of *Bullets* hints and encouragement.

Comments on efforts that missed the mark and ideas to avoid are amongst its absorbing, regular features, to which a thrilling new £25 "*Bullets* Football" Contest has now been added.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.
(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(923) Closing SAT., Jan. 20 — P.O. No. ——— I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed ... Address ...

Bullets must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(923) Closing SAT., Jan. 20 — P.O. No. ——— I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed ... Address ...

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(923) Closing SAT., Jan. 20 — P.O. No. ——— I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed ... Address ...

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(923) Closing SAT., Jan. 20 — P.O. No. ——— I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed ... Address ...

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £200 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 919 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Gibbs, Newsagent, Easton, Portland.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 923, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

10 Minutes TO—

DALSTON LANE, LONDON, E.8.

Dear Sirs,—It is with great pleasure that I write to let you know the wonderful results I obtained from your Yeast-Vite Tablets. For six months I have suffered the most

AWFUL PAINS IN CHEST & STOMACH

In fact, the pains have been so bad that I DREADED AN OPERATION. I tried no end of things, but not one of them did me any good. I happened to see your Advertisement and bought a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite. I TOOK 2 TABLETS AT 10 MINUTES to 5 AND BY 8 MINUTES PAST 5 I WAS ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM ANY PAIN. The results were marvellous. I feel a different being altogether. Wishing you every success.—Yours,

(Sgd.) R. G. E.

Are You **IN PAIN?**
Are You **RUN-DOWN?**
Are You **NERVY?**
Are You **DEPRESSED?**
Are You **EXHAUSTED?**
Are You **RHEUMATIC?**
Are You **SLEEPLESS?**
Are You **DYSPEPTIC?**

Then you too can experience the marvellous power of Yeast-Vite under our world's record fair-play offer of 'No Cure—No Pay.'

3 Minutes PAST!

What a wonderful experience to be so quickly and completely relieved from PAIN!

How indescribably joyful the feeling of Renewed Health and Energy after days, weeks or months of continual suffering!

Yet these are experiences which almost any suffering man or woman can enjoy through the wonderful power of Yeast-Vite Tonic Tablets.

If you are a victim of **Terrible Headaches**—take two Yeast-Vite Tablets and know the joy of Quick Relief!

If you are **Jumpy, Nervy and Depressed**—take two Yeast-Vite Tablets and notice how your Nerves are Calmed and Strengthened.

If your **Stomach gives you PAIN** and your digestion is all wrong—take two Yeast-Vite Tablets after meals and forget your Indigestion!

If you feel **Heavy and Sluggish in the morning**, take two Yeast-Vite Tablets with your first cup of tea and face the day with Zest and Pleasure!

If you come home **Tired, Weary and Exhausted**—take two Yeast-Vite Tablets and notice how your Energy and Vitality are renewed.

If you **cannot Sleep**—take two tablets when you go to bed and enjoy refreshing slumber.

Yeast-Vite is LIFE—Yeast-Vite is the Wonder Tonic of the age!!

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS -	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 MIN.
HEADACHES -	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 MIN.
LASSITUDE -	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 MIN.
DEPRESSION -	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MIN.
"NERVES" -	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MIN.
INDIGESTION -	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MIN.
EXHAUSTION -	*Animation*	In 15/30 MIN.
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 MIN.
RHEUMATISM -	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION -	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 HOURS

GET WELL TO-DAY!

Read the wonderful Health Time-Table on the left! Only "Yeast-Vite" has made it possible. Read below the amazing offer of 'No Cure—No Pay.' Only the striking and outstanding results of "Yeast-Vite" enable us to continue to make this Record Offer. Accept it TO-DAY!

NO CURE—NO PAY

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded in full.

Sold Everywhere
3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

Yeast-Vite

BRAND TABLETS

T.C.B.

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